An original Comic from Seoul

A Touching Manhwa

My Road

Cosmos

Drawing Words

From Scurry and the Sea

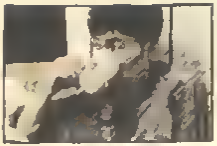
Kim Seong Jun

Finding the path

In the languid hours of yesterday, I went to the tangled grasses near the river, so tangled that humans don't often venture there, and had heaps of fun playing alone. As per usual, I had had a glass of sue-ju with grandmother in the morning, and drunk, I grabbed a towel and stumbled my way up. There won't be any watchers, my body thought, and it slipped so easily into the water. Floating in the clear and pretty water I looked at the sky, saw the floating clouds.

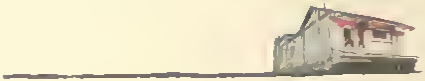
Hee hee ... in that small space I even had a go at swimming like the pros. If you sit on the rock and rest for a bit you can see the small sand-colored fishes swimming around. Even such small creatures made shadows on the river bed and moved around. Yeah, every day I play at being a mountain wizard. Whether the axe handles decay or not ... violets.

9 788990 230331 97810
ISBN 89-9023033-0
정가 9,800원



Kim Seong-Jun

Born in 1971 in Incheon he graduated from Hoseo University with a major in Art Application His debut in 1997 was by way of an entry into a public competition in the weekly manhwa magazine Big Jump In the same year, he won first prize for the picture story section of the LG East Asian International Children's Manhwa Competition and started to gain recognition The next year, he started to draw a manhwa for a Children's East Asian daily At present [2003], he is working as a freelance illustrator and he says in the future he is planning to report new manhwa and short animated stories via his homepage



Come autumn, my book will be out In literary terms, perhaps it would be called my maiden work. I could reproach myself for the less-than-perfect drawings and stories, but it cannot be denied that nevertheless, it is a special manhwa

Now that it's left my hands, I don't want to add the tag "leastwise to me." With the feeling of resignation I have about drawing manhwa, I also feel another, different, hope

Kim Seong-Jun
August 1, 2003

cosmos flower

Kim Seong Jun

entropy

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Lettering: Luis
QC: Saga and riseabove77

Publisher's Note

Since 1999, the Seoul Animation Center has provided production support for Seoul Creative Manhwa-Animations, and has continually worked to increase the value of works of national manhwa and animation, and to foster friendly competition internationally. The publication support is usually for creative manhwa and short animations, and by discovering original new authors and artists and managing all of the financial aspects as well as widely spreading the manhwaga's works, we are behind them completely, and blow life into the creative market of the manhwa and animation world.

Manhwa for public publications are operated in the divisions of medium/long illustrated stories, cartoons and short works. With award-winning works, we also provide additional financial support for separate publication as a book. In accordance with such principles we have published the outstanding works of the medium/long illustrated story category. Byeon Byeong-Jun's Undecided and Kim Seong-Jun's Cosmos. We hope that these works, which have combined artistry and popularity, afford you as readers an opportunity to experience a creative manhwa of high quality, and we anticipate that these works will signal a fresh breeze through the world of manhwa in Korea.

Our institution, as a medium for the enjoyment of manhwa and animation brings to the population, will continue not only in its role as a guardian of the industry of culture of the 21st century, but also in providing support for the manhwa-animation community.

Seoul Animation Center

WARNING

This manhwa contains explicit content, language, nudity, and other situations innappropriate for children under eighteen. Read at your own risk.

cosmos flower

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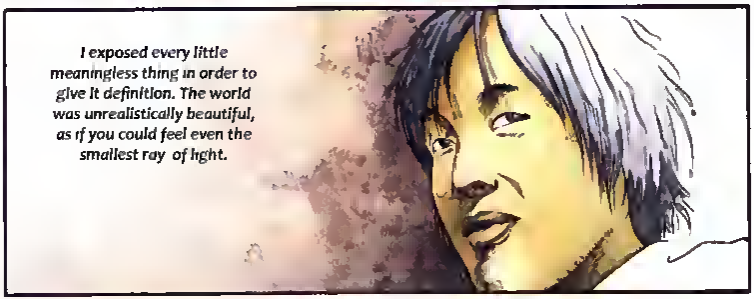
Olive Green

AUGUST 2002

Olive Green

Today is the day I will meet her again. I hurriedly finished my work and left the office.

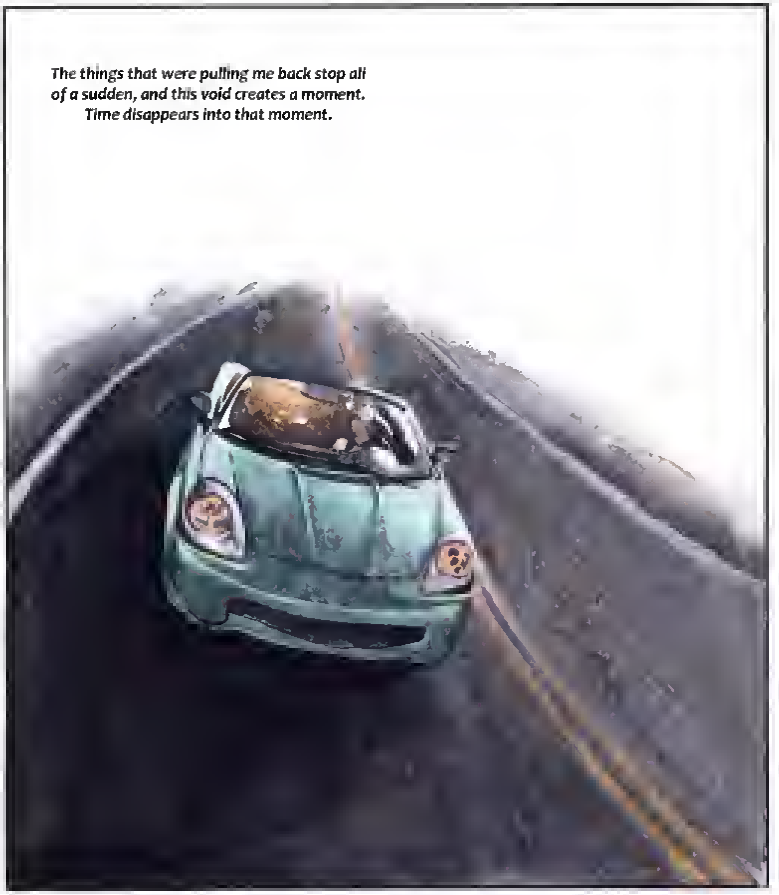

I exposed every little meaningless thing in order to give it definition. The world was unrealistically beautiful, as if you could feel even the smallest ray of light.

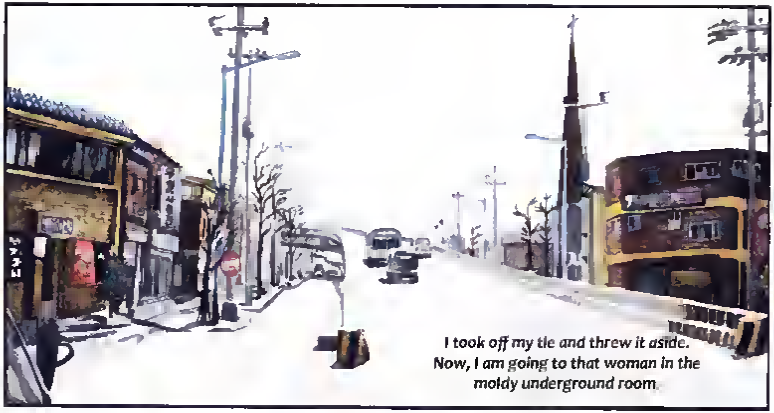
HONK

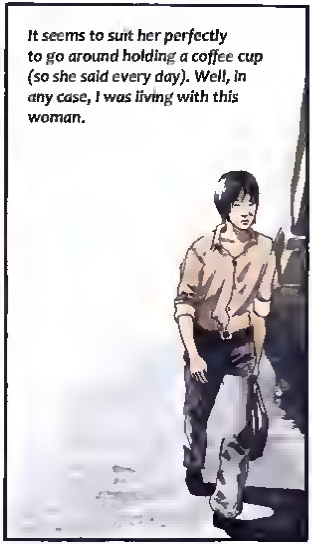
Speed is the only way you can bypass time.

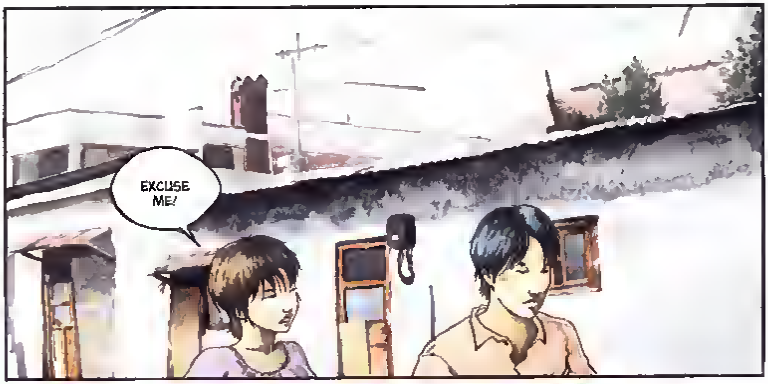
Every day, I pretend that it is my own sports car and not the car my company is letting me drive

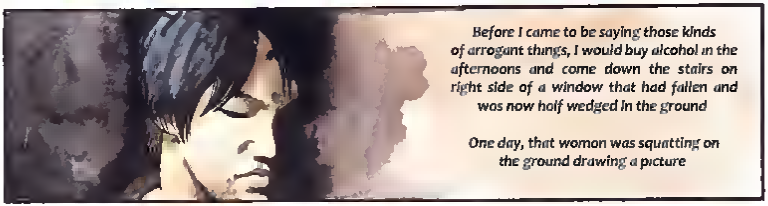
The things that were pulling me back stop all of a sudden, and this void creates a moment. Time disappears into that moment.



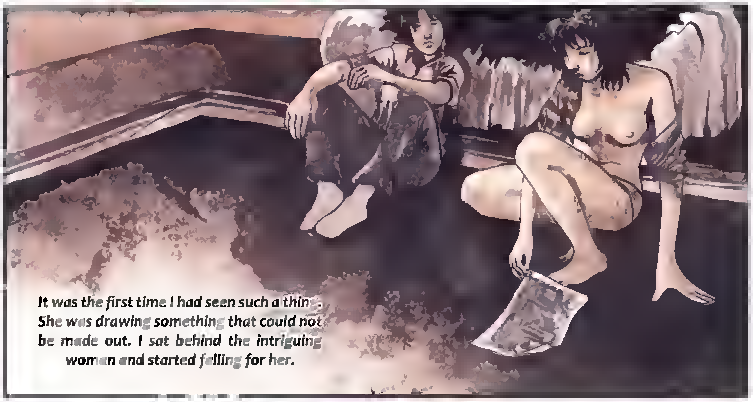

I took off my tie and threw it aside.
Now, I am going to that woman in the moldy underground room.

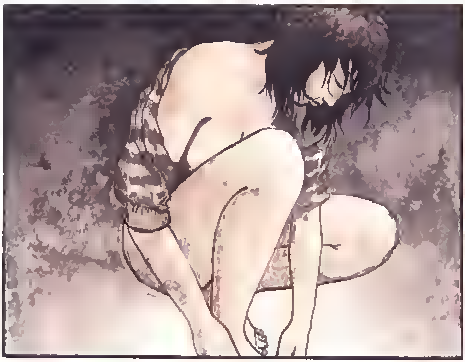

It seems to suit her perfectly to go around holding a coffee cup (so she said every day). Well, in any case, I was living with this woman.


EXCUSE ME/


Before I came to be saying those kinds of arrogant things, I would buy alcohol in the afternoons and come down the stairs on right side of a window that had fallen and was now half wedged in the ground
One day, that woman was squatting on the ground drawing a picture

IT'S HOT, HUH?


It was the first time I had seen such a thing. She was drawing something that could not be made out. I sat behind the intriguing woman and started falling for her.



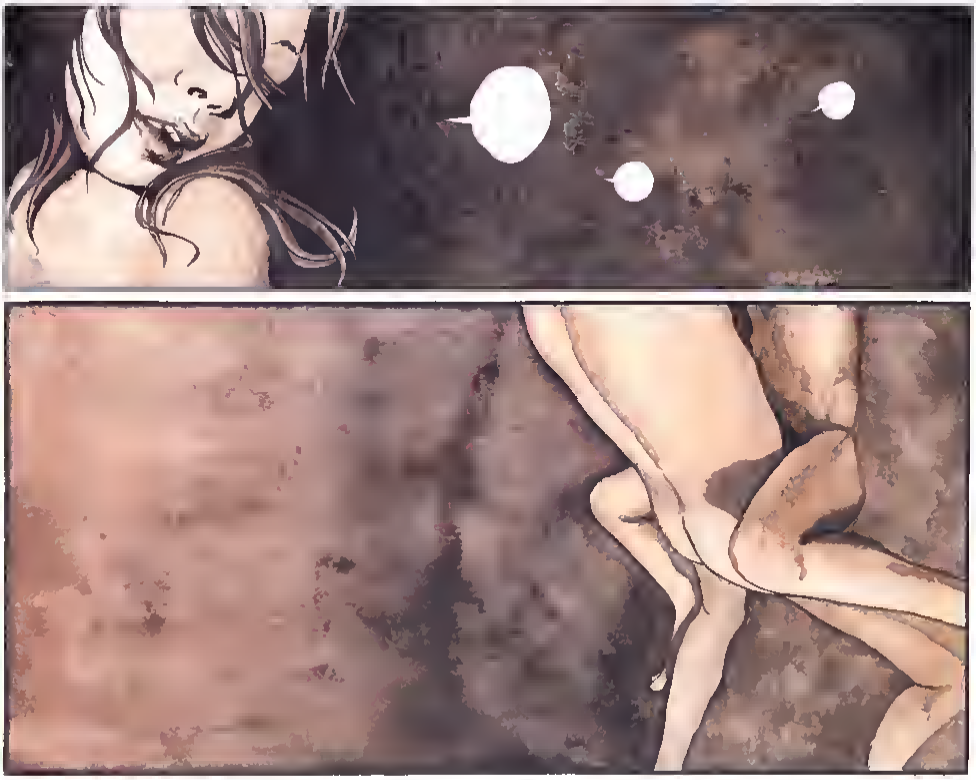
?CHHK?

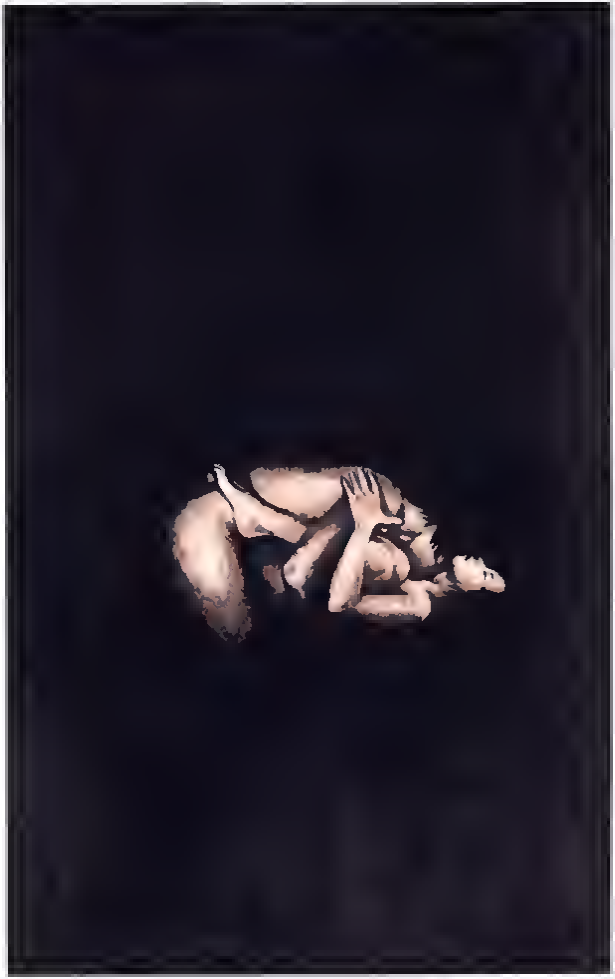
The woman's face didn't show any emotion as she wholeheartedly folded up the finished drawing. I was drunk on her graceful movements and couldn't tell what she was doing. When she held up the well folded paper to the lighter and burned it, her face came into view

WHAT IS IT?

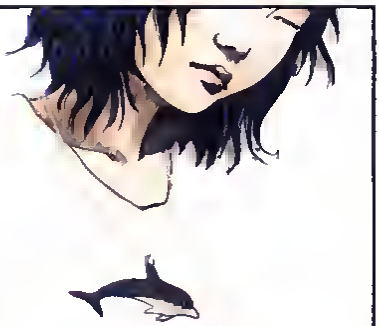
That place was filled messily with the things we used every day and food wrappers strewn about. Even worse, I don't know when it spilled, but there was also a coffee stain across the yellowish floor. I didn't see that all as reality but as an illusionary space with boundless beauty. Of course, this couldn't take away her indescribable pain, but it was enough to be her background. To make up for the insufficient amount of food the two of us had, we shared beer and stroked each others hands.

I lay her down on the sofa. The sofa that was too awkward to sit on was useful in these situations, I thought.

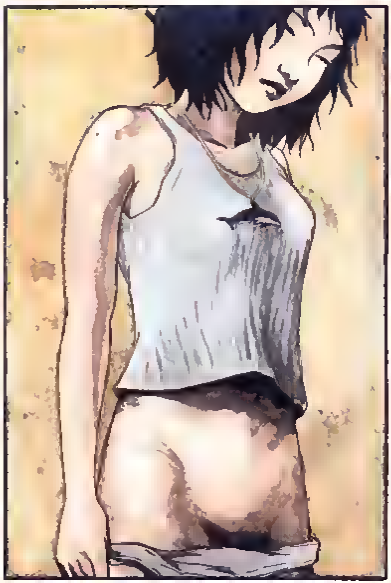




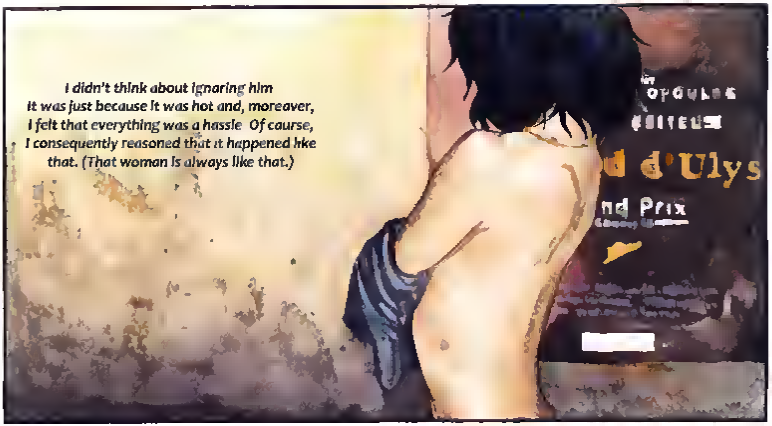
How many years will pass? When the sun sets, he will come to find me here, I guess. My sunbae unni who was living in a very small room chased her husband out and went to the mountains. Now, the old guitar and the man that she left behind are drowned in sadness, making the room damp. I had hoped that he would leave with her, but he was thrown away here, so he's tearing up the whole room and crawling around. It's not a problem. The music isn't fantastic, but it's okay.*

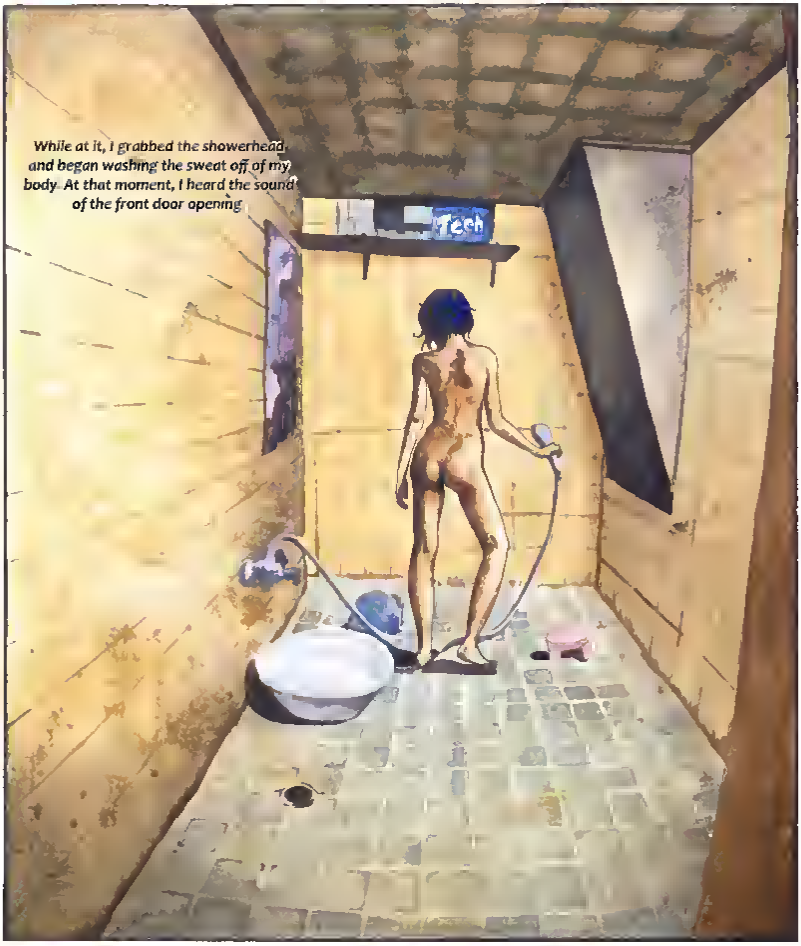


* Sunbae unni: older female schoolmate

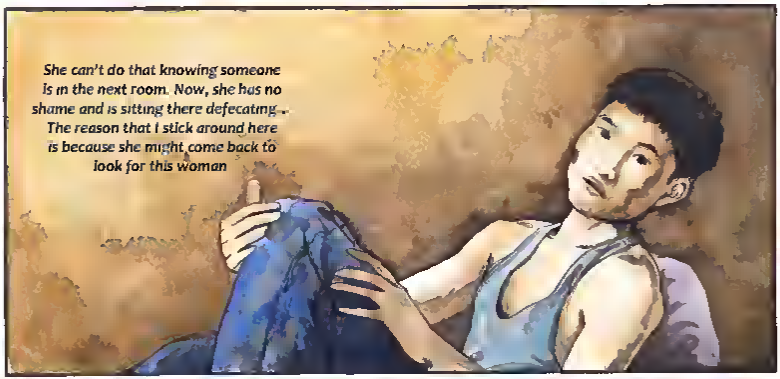


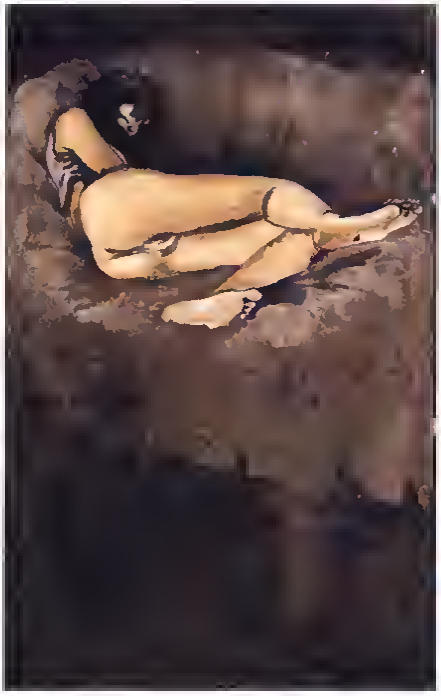
I squatted down and started doing my business. I'm not sure when he got there, but he was stealing glances at me from the sofa through the wide open door.

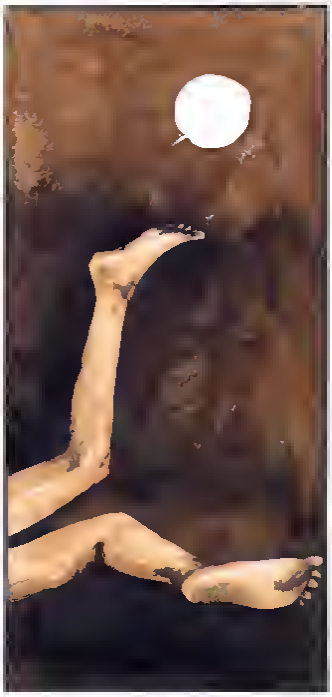

I didn't think about ignoring him
It was just because it was hot and, moreover,
I felt that everything was a hassle Of course,
I consequently reasoned that it happened like
that. (That woman is always like that.)

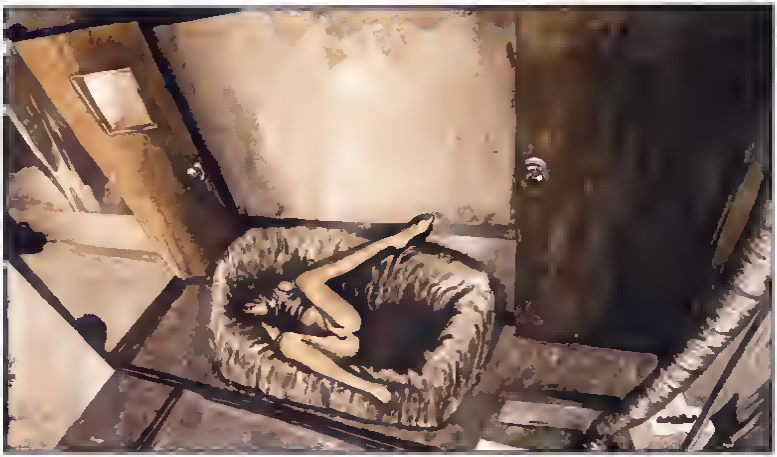

While at it, I grabbed the showerhead and began washing the sweat off of my body. At that moment, I heard the sound of the front door opening.
Tech

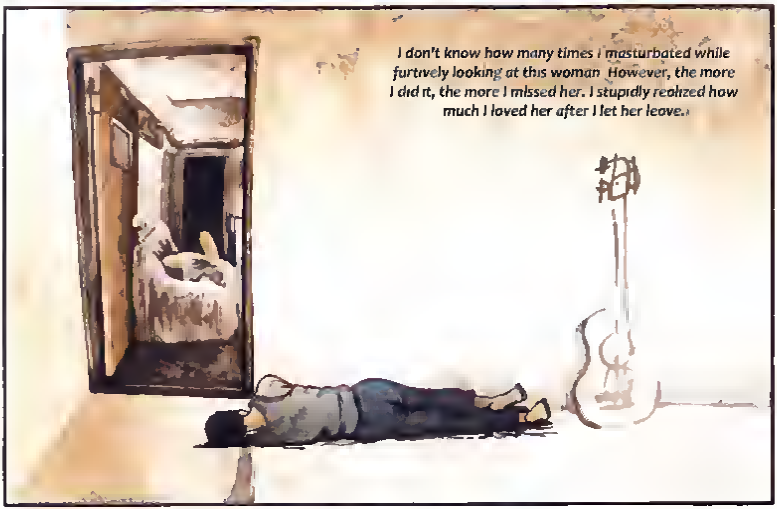
The woman lay down on the sofa and masturbated for an hour.


She can't do that knowing someone is in the next room. Now, she has no shame and is sitting there defecating.. The reason that I stick around here is because she might come back to look for this woman



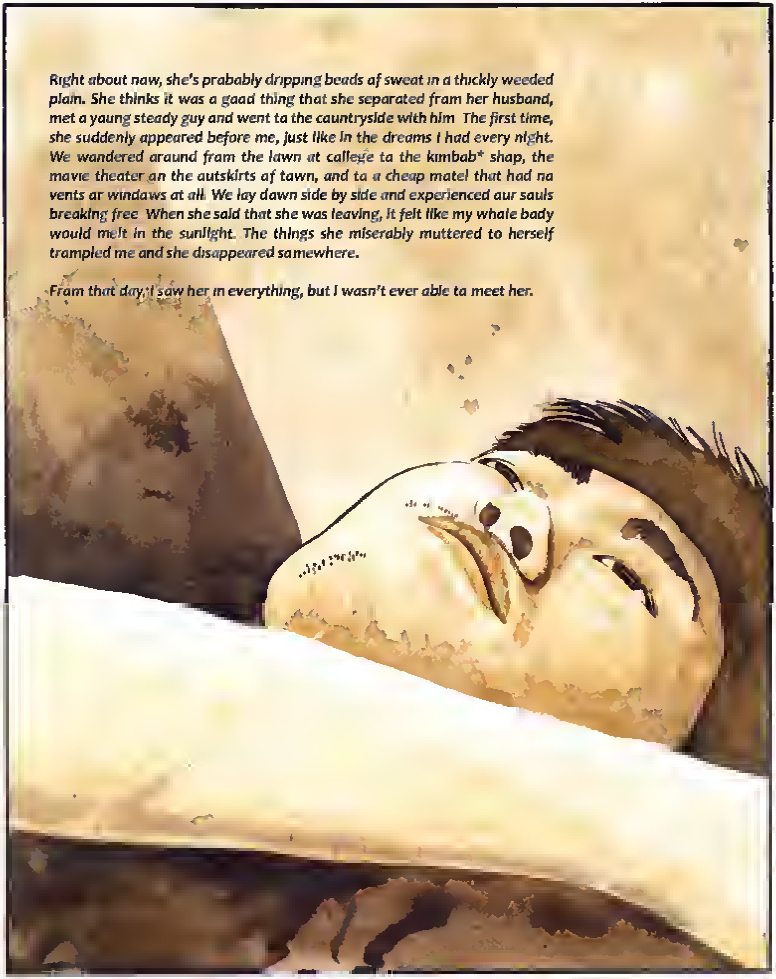




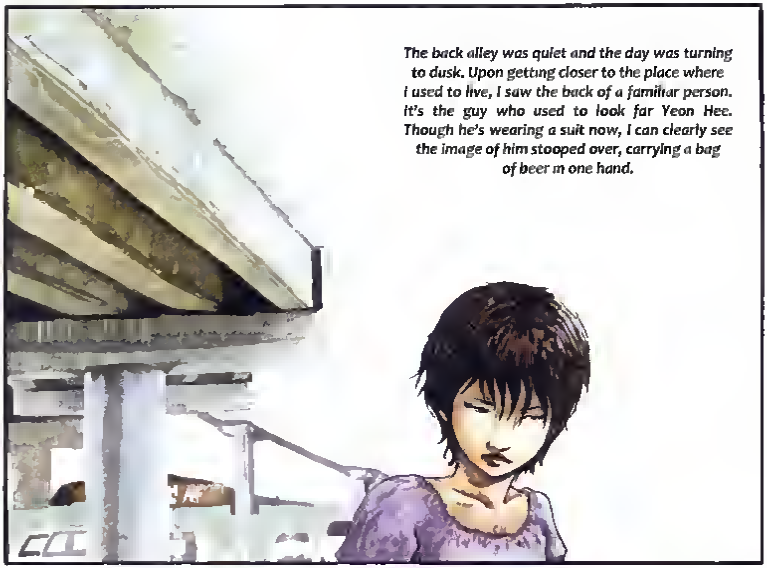

I don't know how many times I masturbated while furtively looking at this woman. However, the more I did it, the more I missed her. I stupidly realized how much I loved her after I let her leave.

Right about naw, she's prabably dripping beads af sweat in a thickly weeded plain. She thinks it was a gaad thing that she separated fram her husband, met a yaung steady guy and went ta the cauntryside with him. The first time, she suddenly appeared before me, just like in the dreams I had every night. We wandered araund fram the lawn at callege ta the kimbab* shap, the mavie theater an the autskirts af tawn, and ta a cheap matel that had na vents ar windaws at all. We lay dawn side by side and experienced aur sauls breaking free. When she said that she was leaving, it felt like my whale bady would melt in the sunlight. The things she miserably muttered to herself trampled me and she disappeared samewhere.

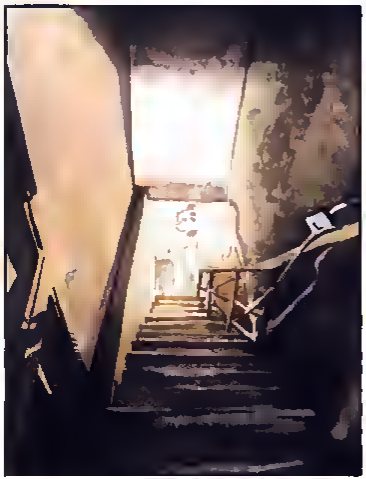
Fram that day, I saw her in everything, but I wasn't ever able ta meet her.

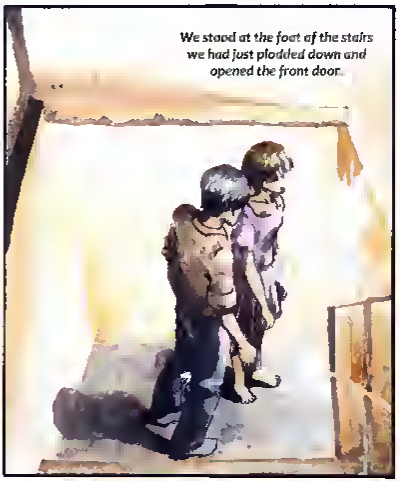


*Kimbab – rice rolls.

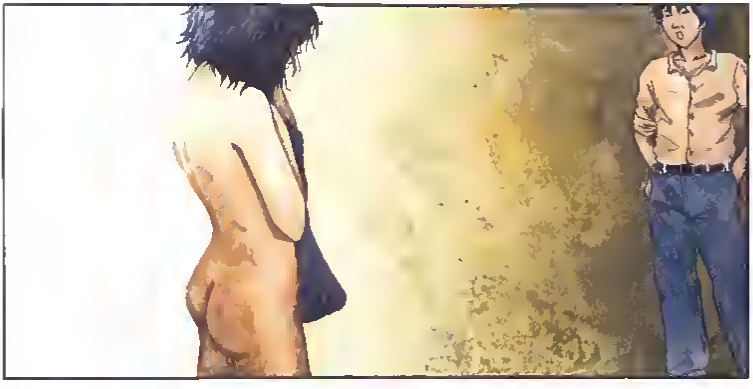

The back alley was quiet and the day was turning to dusk. Upon getting closer to the place where I used to live, I saw the back of a familiar person. It's the guy who used to look for Yeon Hee. Though he's wearing a suit now, I can clearly see the image of him stooped over, carrying a bag of beer in one hand.

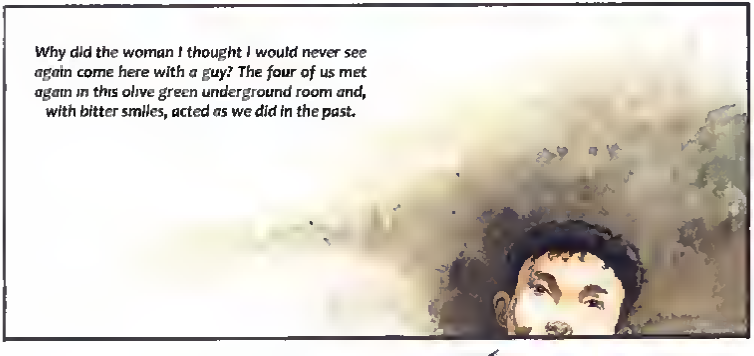
OH!

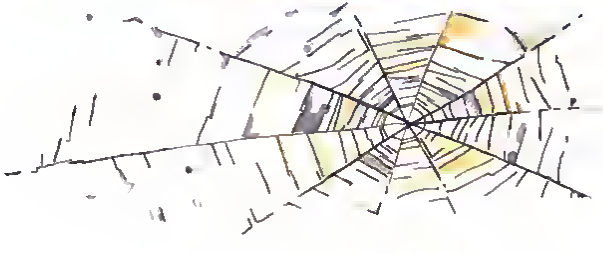


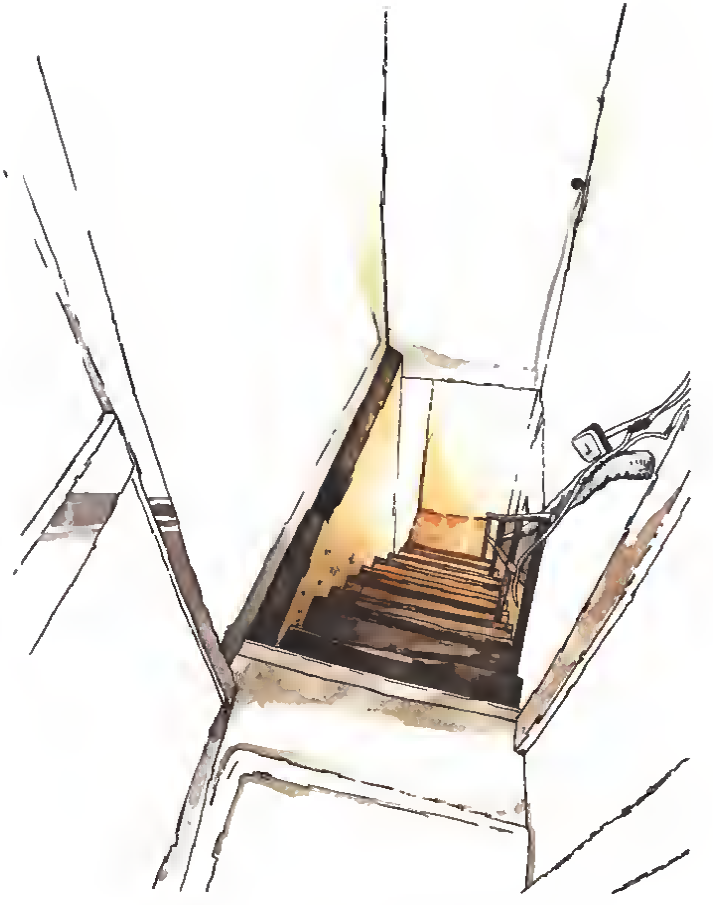

We stood at the foot of the stairs
we had just plodded down and
opened the front door.

I was a little shocked by what I saw in the room. The guy who looked in over my shoulder probably felt the same way. Yeon Hee was taking a shower with the bathroom door wide open and the idiot, like he was still living here, looked up from the sofa.

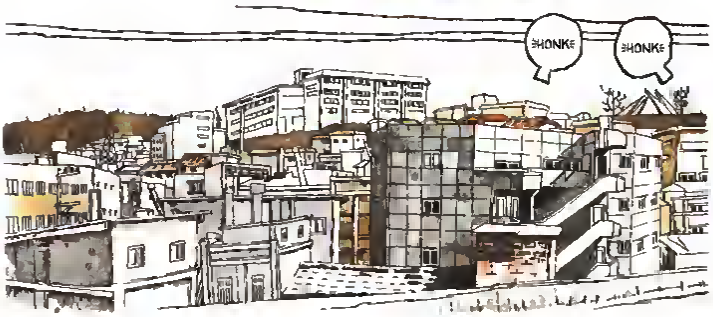



Why did the woman I thought I would never see again come here with a guy? The four of us met again in this olive green underground room and, with bitter smiles, acted as we did in the past.



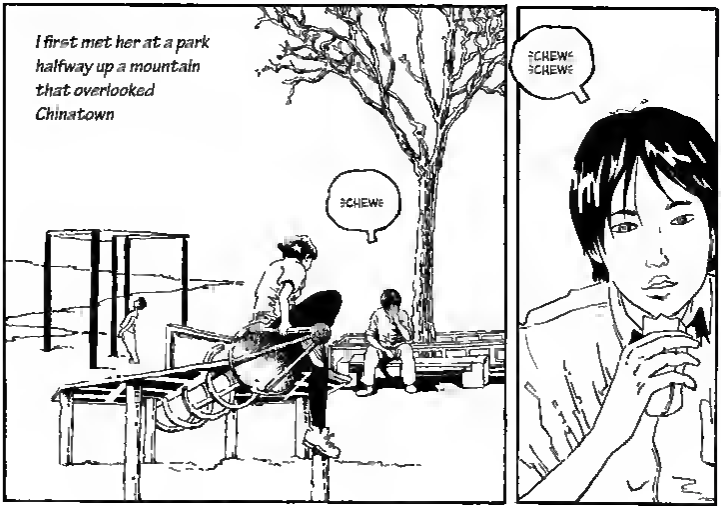


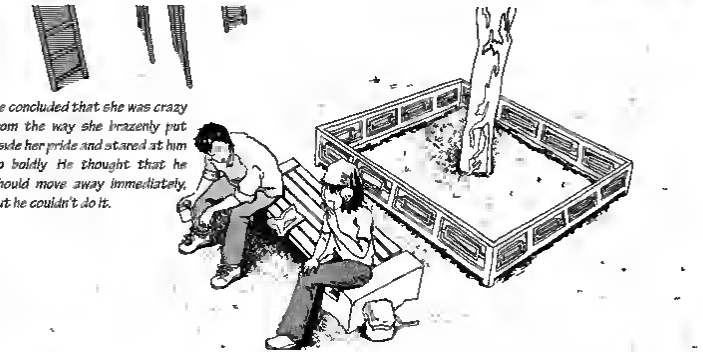
SEPTEMBER 1999



AH.
GRUMBLES

I...


I first met her at a park halfway up a mountain that overlooked Chinatown
SCHEWS
SCHEWS
SCHEWS

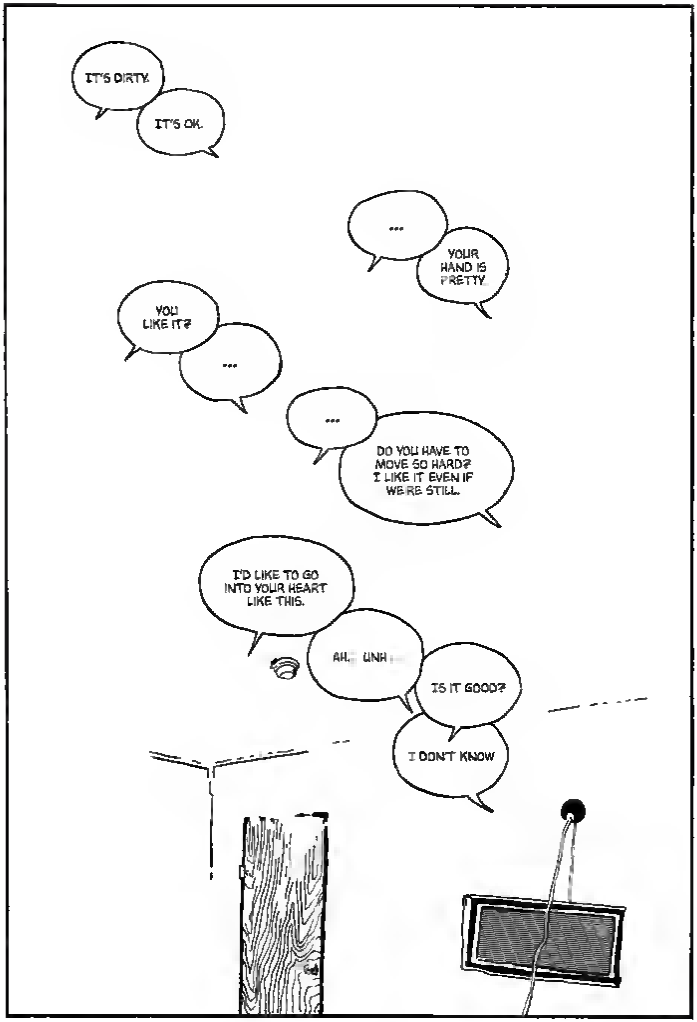

He concluded that she was crazy from the way she brazenly put aside her pride and stared at him so boldly. He thought that he should move away immediately, but he couldn't do it.

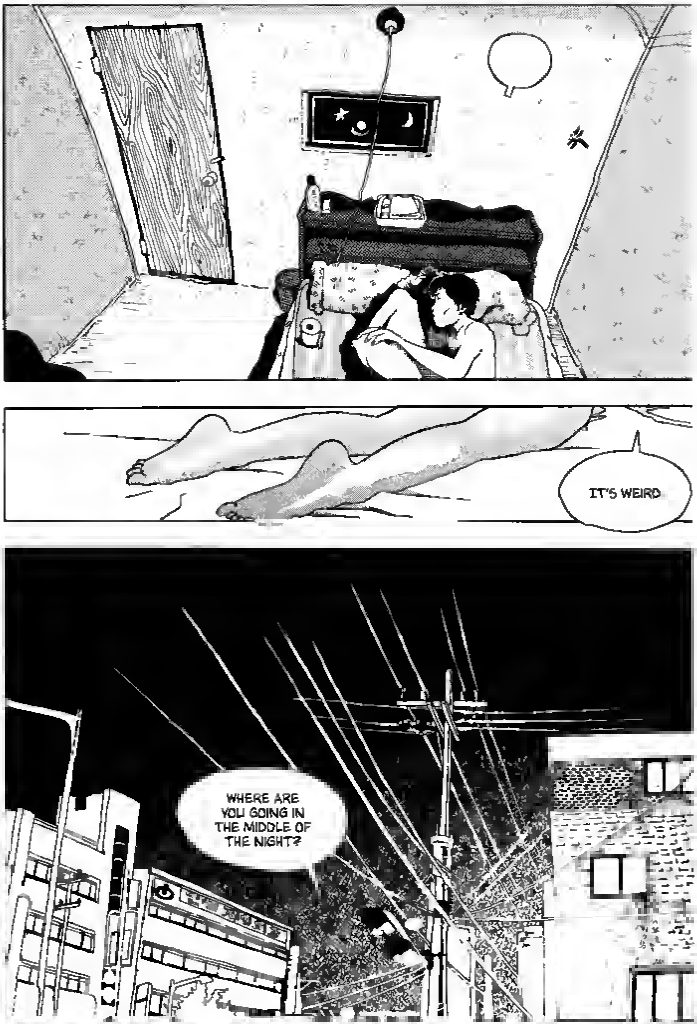
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
MUNCH!

?
?
!
Thanks.
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
THE SKY?
...
THE UNIVERSE?
I'm an alien! You?
I

I—
FISHCAKE
SPICY FISH
STEW
I'M NOT
ANYTHING
...
I
CIGARETTE?

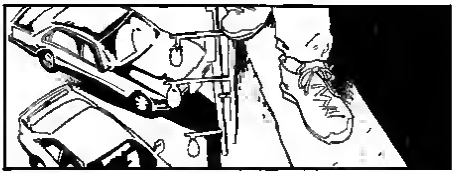
THANKS.
YOU THOUGHT I WAS MUTE? WHAT AN IDIOT
I CAN SLEEP WITH YOU TONIGHT, RIGHT?


IT'S DIRTY.
IT'S OK.
...
YOUR HAND IS PRETTY.
YOU LIKE IT?
...
...
DO YOU HAVE TO MOVE SO HARD? I LIKE IT EVEN IF WE'RE STILL.
I'D LIKE TO GO INTO YOUR HEART LIKE THIS.
AH... UNH...
IS IT GOOD?
I DON'T KNOW


IT'S WEIRD
WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

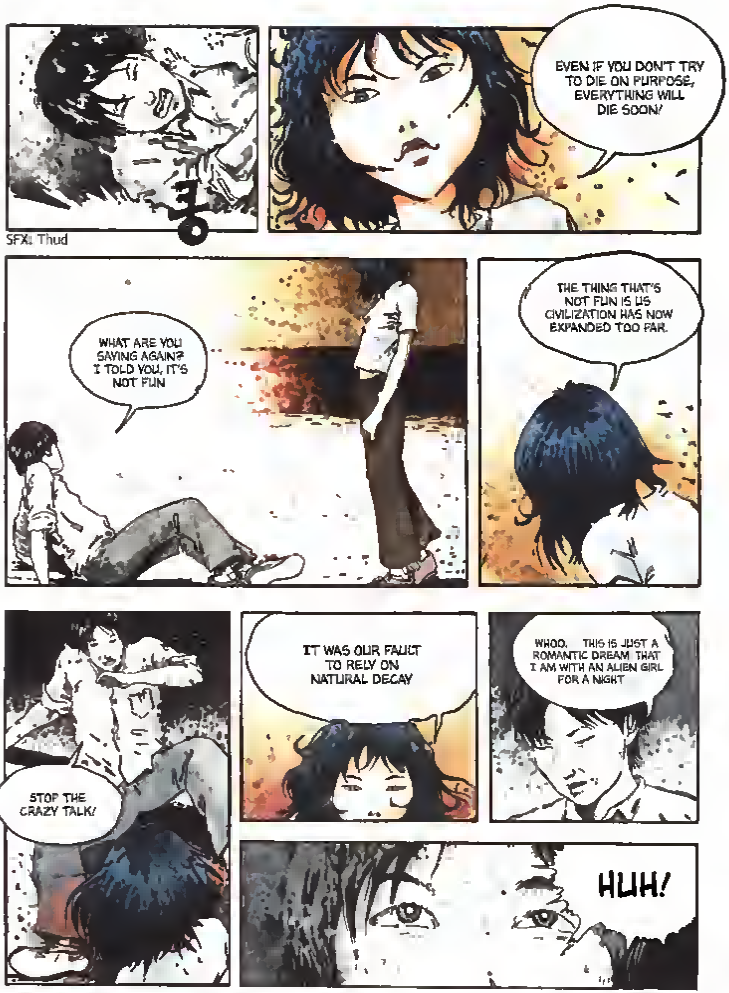
FOLLOW ME!
I'LL SHOW YOU
ALL THE STARS.

HMPH. THOSE STORIES
AREN'T FUN ANYMORE.
THOUGH SEEING THE
STARS IS GOOD...



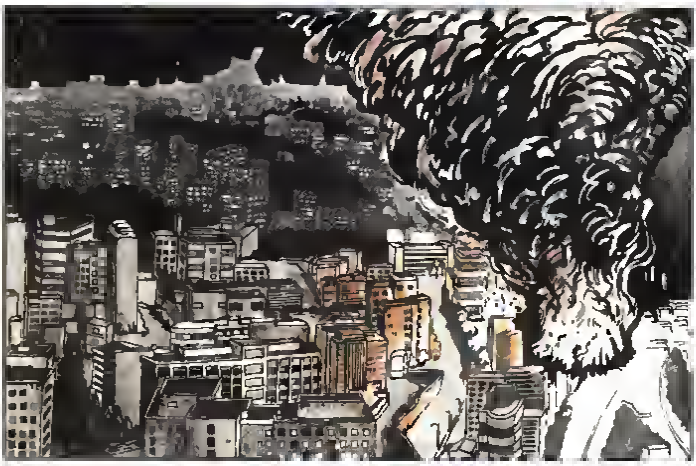
DID YOU FIND IT?

BE CAREFUL/ YOU'LL FALL AND DIE LIKE THAT
IT'S OK. I'M NOT ATTACHED TO THIS WORLD EVEN IF I DIE NOW...
AHHHH!
GRAB


EVEN IF YOU DON'T TRY TO DIE ON PURPOSE, EVERYTHING WILL DIE SOON!
SFX: Thud
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING AGAIN? I TOLD YOU, IT'S NOT FUN
THE THING THAT'S NOT FUN IS US CIVILIZATION HAS NOW EXPANDED TOO FAR.
STOP THE CRAZY TALK!
IT WAS OUR FAULT TO RELY ON NATURAL DECAY
WHOO. THIS IS JUST A ROMANTIC DREAM THAT I AM WITH AN ALIEN GIRL FOR A NIGHT
HUH!

SFX: Boom

I SAID SO!

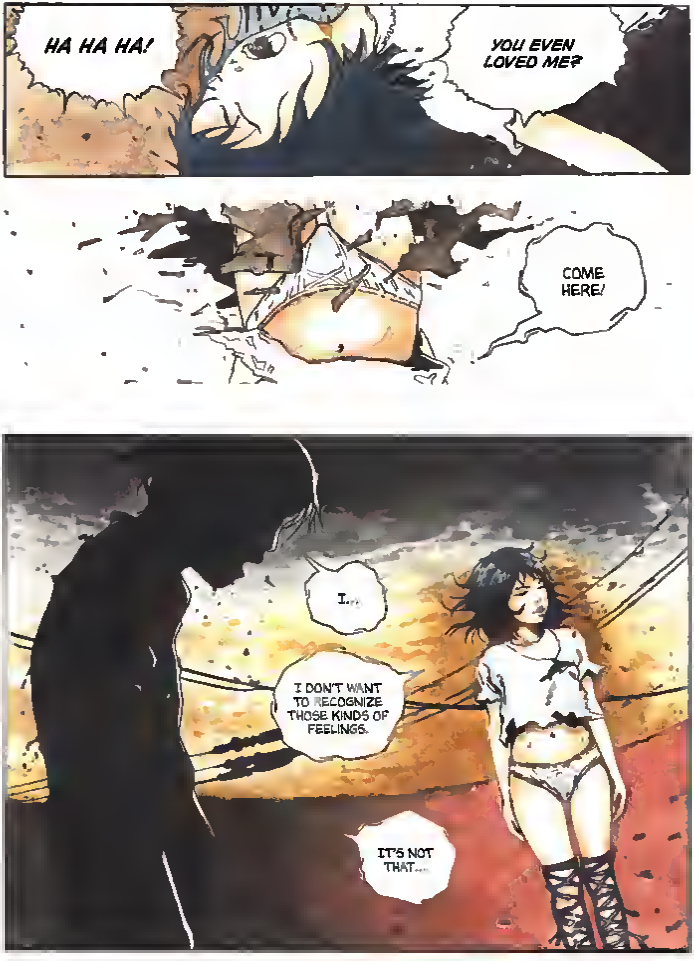


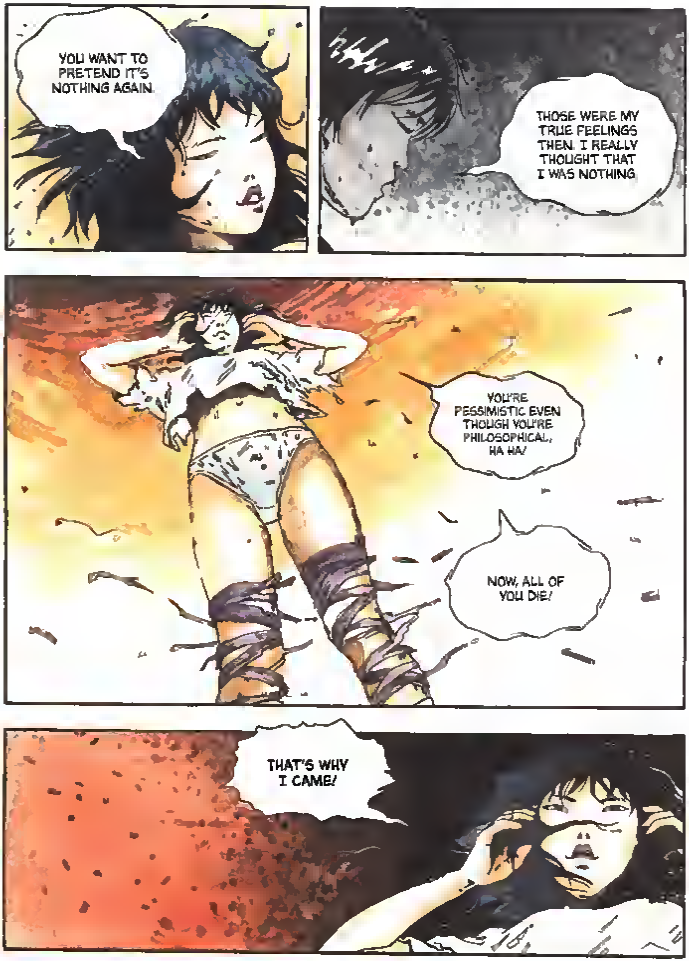
WHAT IS THIS? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

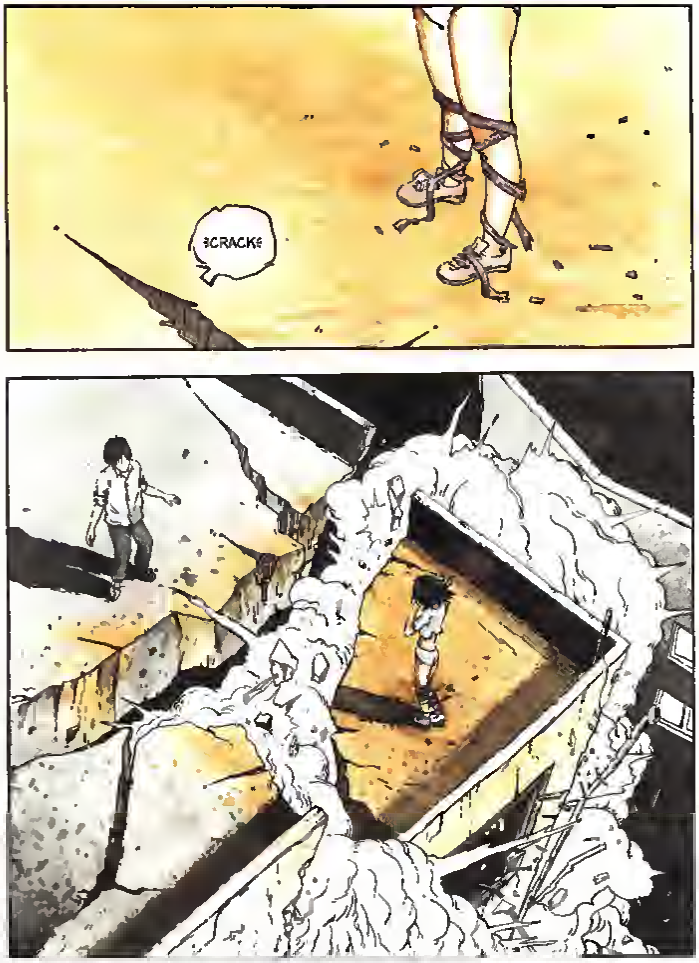
YOU BELIEVED ME FROM THE BEGINNING. ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S JUST... YOU...

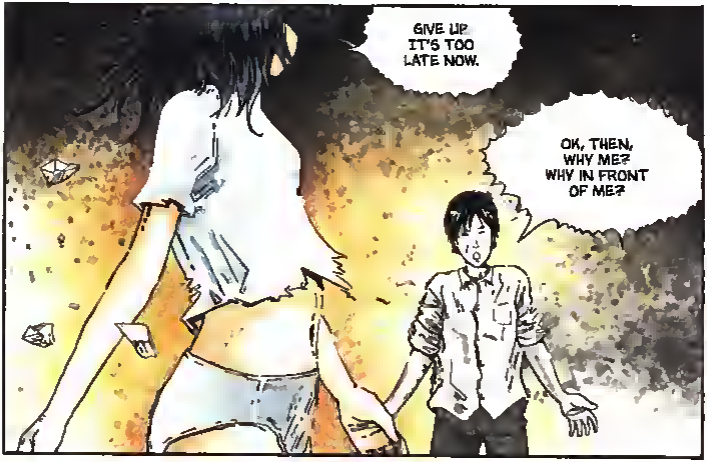
YOU...

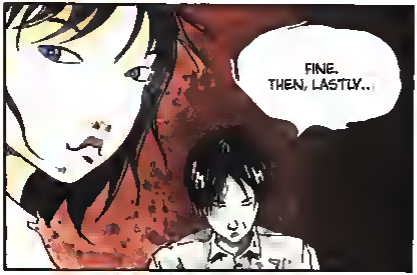

HA HA HA!
YOU EVEN LOVED ME?
COME HERE!
I...
I DON'T WANT TO RECOGNIZE THOSE KINDS OF FEELINGS.
IT'S NOT THAT...

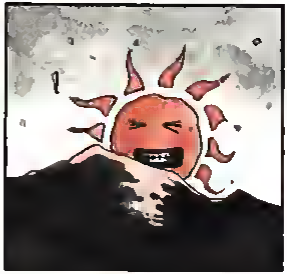

YOU WANT TO PRETEND IT'S NOTHING AGAIN.
THOSE WERE MY TRUE FEELINGS THEN. I REALLY THOUGHT THAT I WAS NOTHING.
YOU'RE PESSIMISTIC EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE PHILOSOPHICAL, HA HA!
NOW, ALL OF YOU DIE!
THAT'S WHY I CAME!

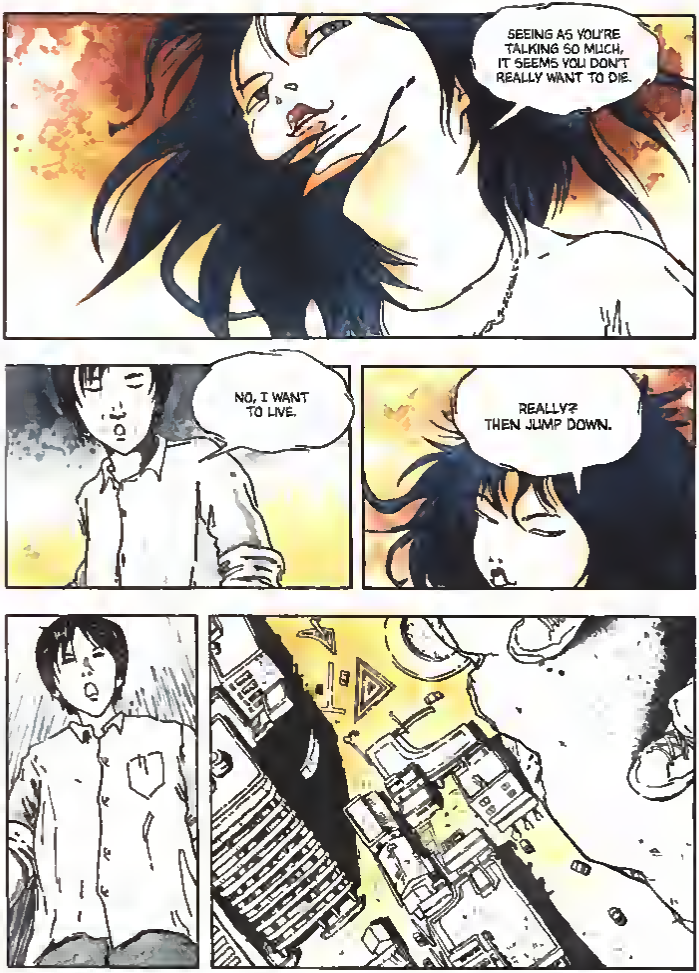

¡CRACK!

W.. WAIT! WHAT'S THE REASON? DO YOU REALLY NEED TO DO THIS?


GIVE UP. IT'S TOO LATE NOW.
OK, THEN, WHY ME? WHY IN FRONT OF ME?


FINE. THEN, LASTLY..

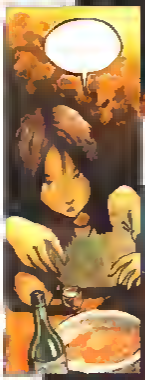



SEEING AS YOU'RE TALKING SO MUCH, IT SEEMS YOU DON'T REALLY WANT TO DIE.
NO, I WANT TO LIVE.
REALLY? THEN JUMP DOWN.

THAT'S RIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO DIE. WHY?
COME HERE, LAST EARTHLING. I'LL TAKE YOU.
Of all the people...

SFX Crash

I must have had a nightmare.
However, I want to ask one thing.
Are you really an alien?



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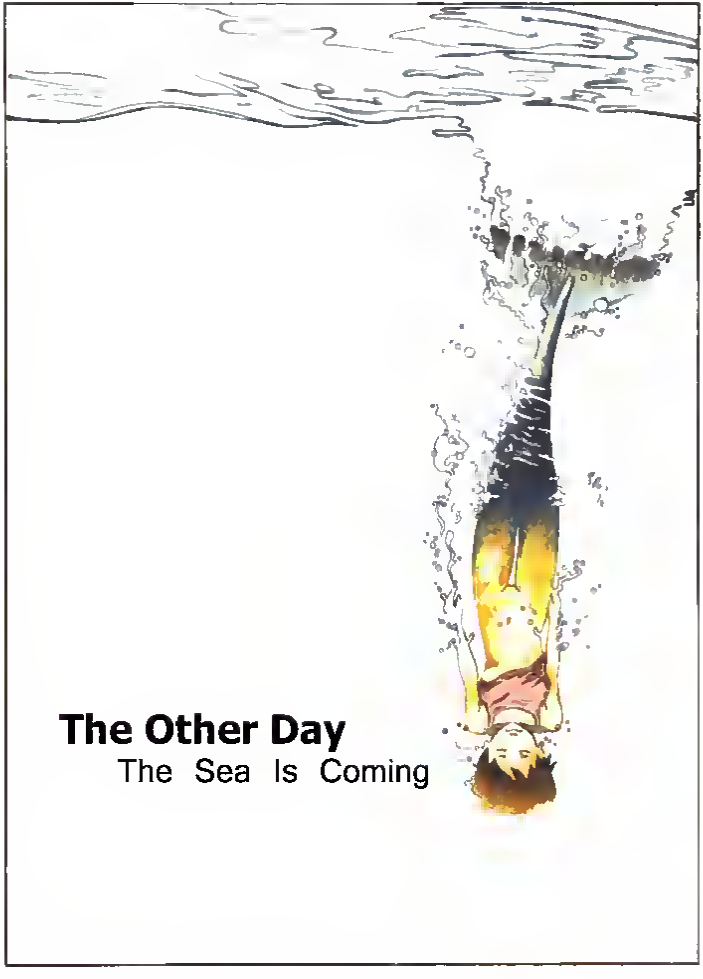
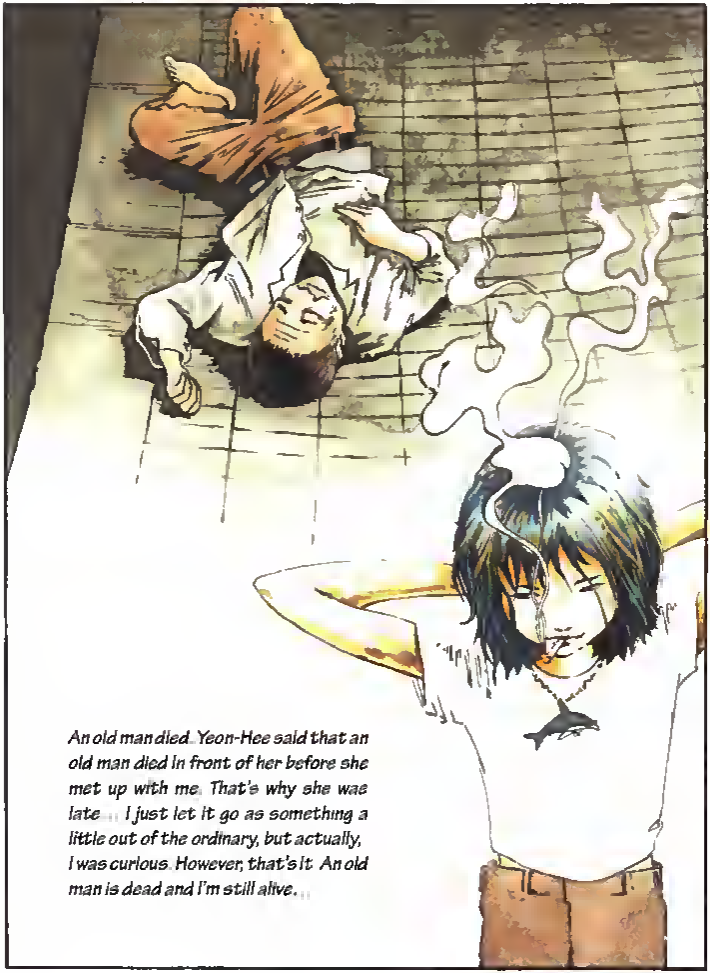
EDITOR: LUIS
QCER: RISEABOVE77

The Sea Is Coming

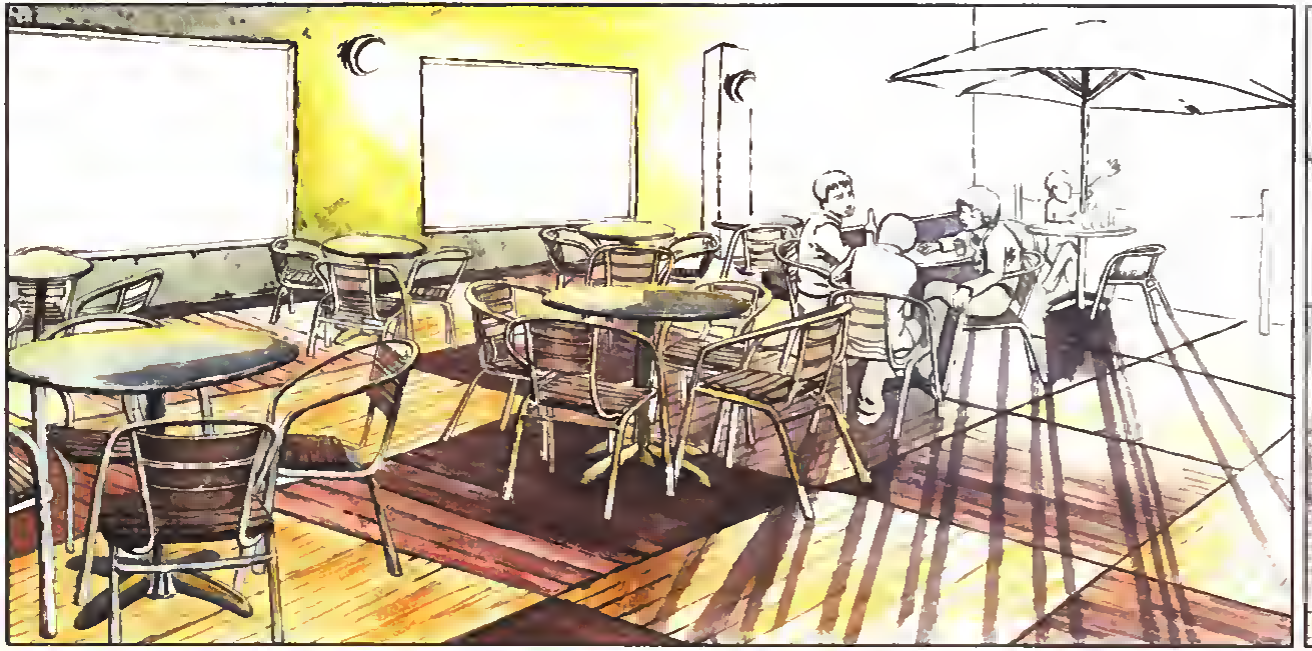


The Other Day

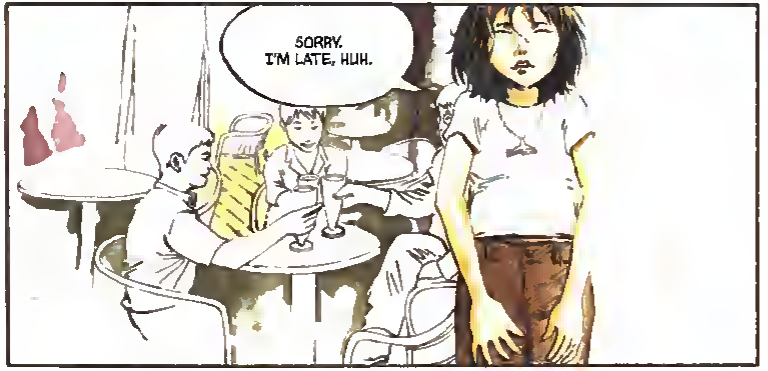
The Sea Is Coming


An old man died. Yeon-Hee said that an old man died in front of her before she met up with me. That's why she was late... I just let it go as something a little out of the ordinary, but actually, I was curious. However, that's it. An old man is dead and I'm still alive...

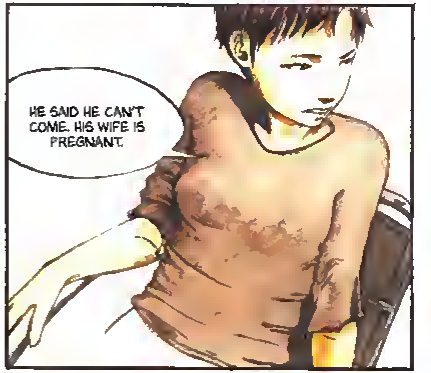
ƎFWOOƎ



YEON-HEE!


SORRY.
I'M LATE, HUH.

DIDN'T YOU SAY
YOU'D INTRODUCE ME
TO YOUR LOVER?

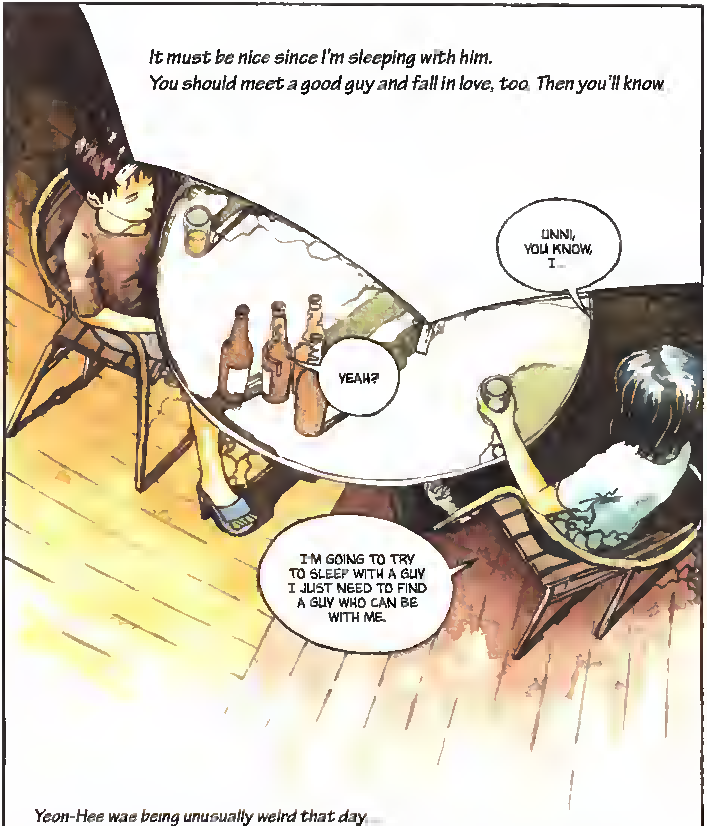

HE SAID HE CAN'T
COME. HIS WIFE IS
PREGNANT.

SCHNKE
HEY! YOU DON'T SMOKE!
I'VE DECIDED TO SMOKE. I'M TRYING TO DESTROY MY BODY
IT'S OK, IT'S JUST A CIGARETTE.
THE WORLD WE'RE LIVING IN IS TOO SMALL FOR US.

IT'S ALSO TOO COMPLICATED. I WANT TO LIVE IN A LARGE AND SIMPLE WORLD
YOU'RE DREAMING. WOULDN'T THE WORLD BE TOO BORING?
AT LEAST IT WOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS.

YOU'RE STRANGE. YOU'RE EVEN SMOKING WHEN YOU DIDN'T USE TO
SORRY... HEH HEH...
...
ANYWAY, UNNI,* DID YOU DRINK ALL OF THIS ON YOUR OWN?
I WAS IRRITATED. HE SAID HE'D COME, EVEN IF HE WAS LATE
I DON'T KNOW.
C'MON, TELL ME.
UNNI, IS IT NICE SLEEPING WITH A GUY?

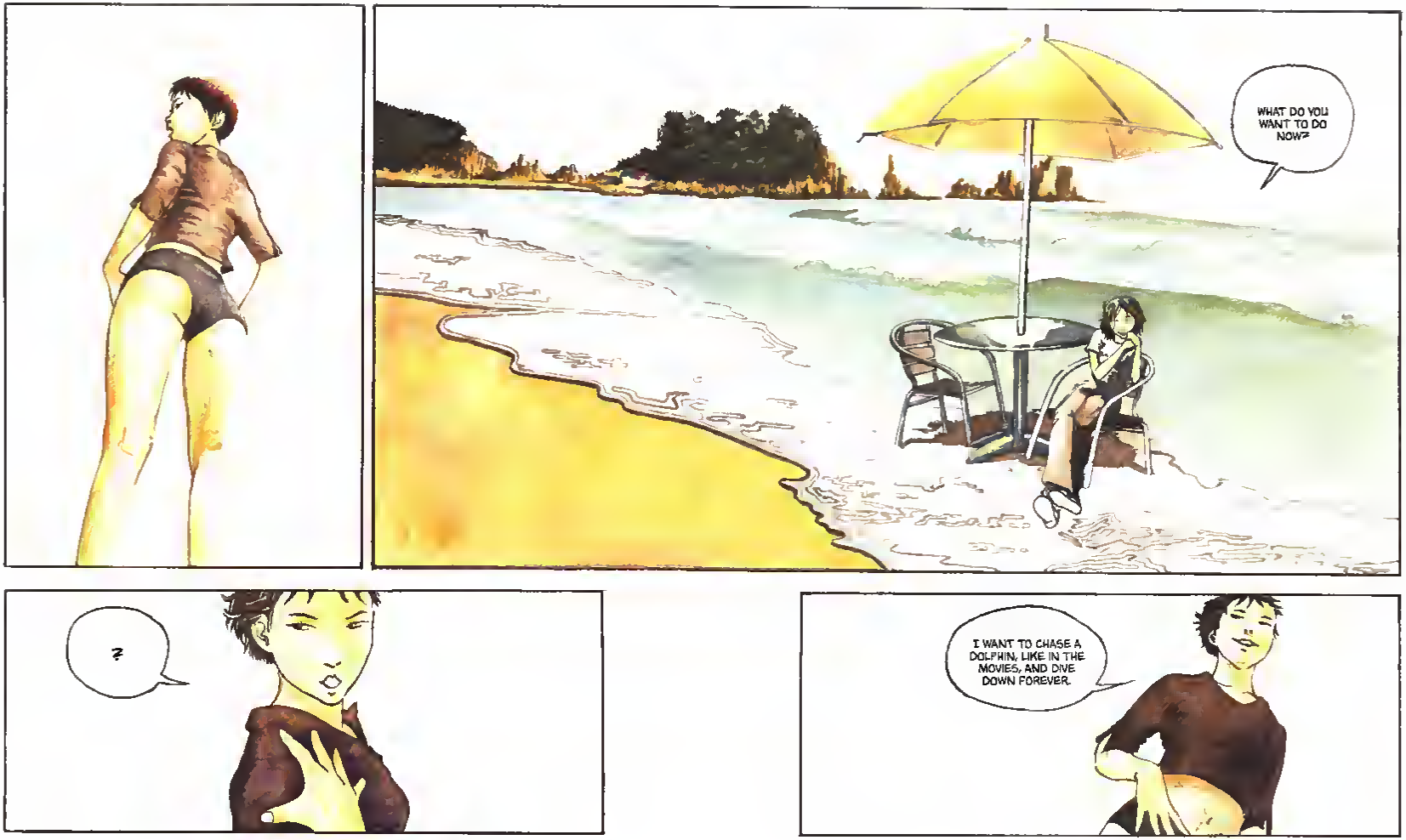
*unni : older sister or older female to another female

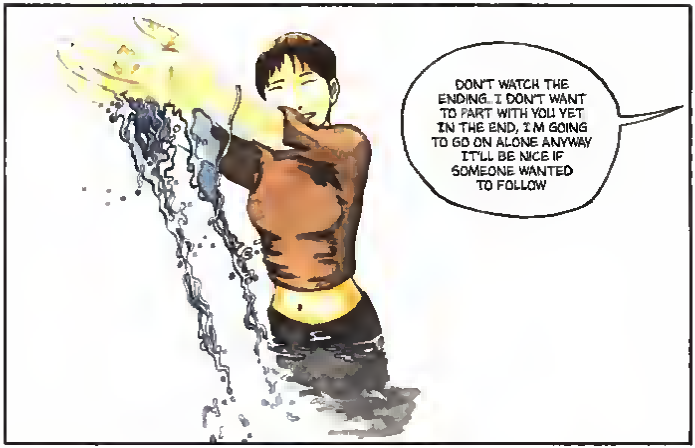

It must be nice since I'm sleeping with him.
You should meet a good guy and fall in love, too. Then you'll know.
UNNI, YOU KNOW I...
YEAH?
I'M GOING TO TRY TO SLEEP WITH A GUY. I JUST NEED TO FIND A GUY WHO CAN BE WITH ME.

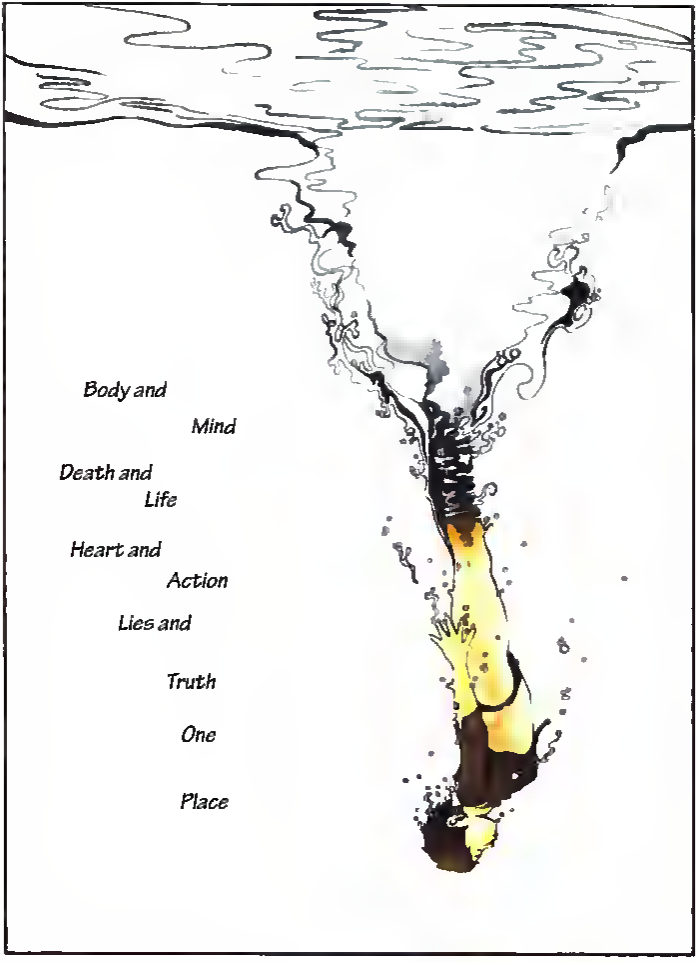
Yeon-Hee was being unusually weird that day.
I could only tell her that she should fine a guy she could love, so that she could first experience that feeling. It's foolish to say that she is going to sleep with a guy before that. Yeon-Hee started drinking a little of the alcohol, something she had never done before. I brought the alcohol closer to me, even though I was no longer drinking.
Then, I saw the sea.

I WANT TO GO TO THE OCEAN. I'M GOING TO SHAKE EVERYTHING OFF THERE. I WANT TO FORGET EVERYTHING
LET'S CALL THE SEA HERE.
WAIT A MINUTE, I DRANK TOO MUCH.

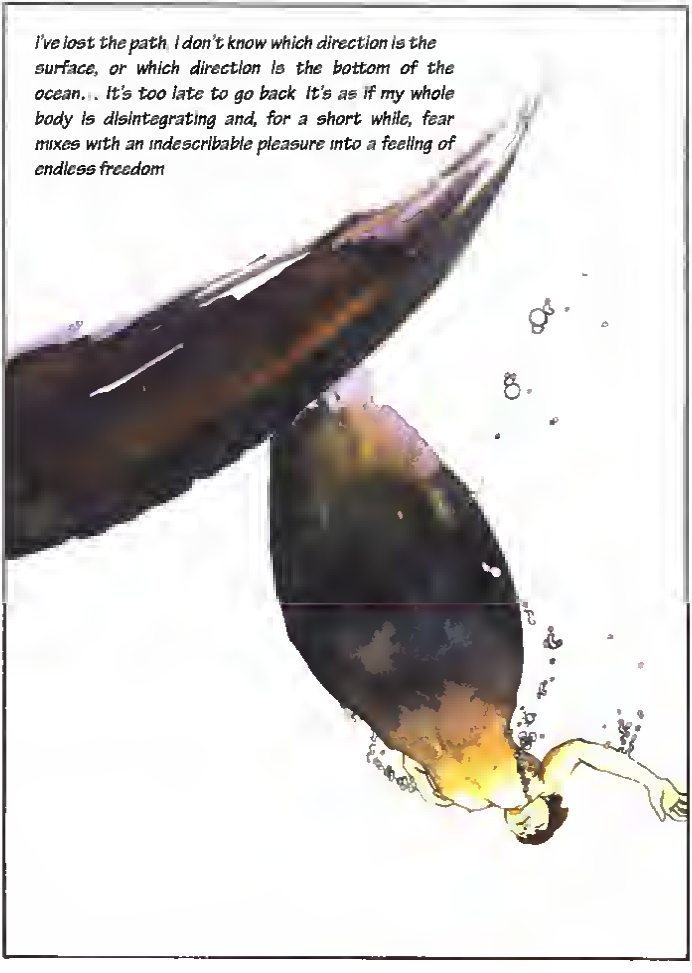
AHHH..

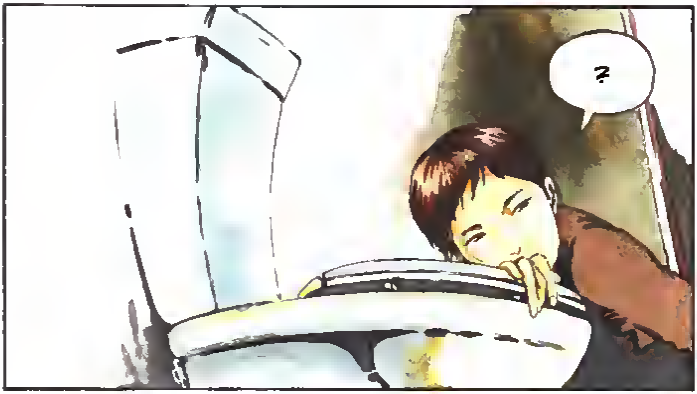

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO NOW?
?
I WANT TO CHASE A DOLPHIN, LIKE IN THE MOVIES, AND DIVE DOWN FOREVER.


DON'T WATCH THE ENDING. I DON'T WANT TO PART WITH YOU YET. IN THE END, I'M GOING TO GO ON ALONE ANYWAY. IT'LL BE NICE IF SOMEONE WANTED TO FOLLOW


Body and
Mind
Death and
Life
Heart and
Action
Lies and
Truth
One
Place

I've lost the path. I don't know which direction is the surface, or which direction is the bottom of the ocean... It's too late to go back. It's as if my whole body is disintegrating and, for a short while, fear mixes with an indescribable pleasure into a feeling of endless freedom




?

I woke up from sleep. I couldn't have become light-hearted like this after only sleeping for a little bit. Him and his wife... I sincerely prayed for their happiness

When I returned to the table, the bar employees were waking Yeon-Hee up and asking us to leave. That kid, who'd never even had one sip of alcohol before, lost herself like that and left me at a loss. We both changed a little bit after that day. Yeon-Hee met a cynical-looking guy at a park and he came to find her in our small underground room.

A little after that, I left for the countryside.

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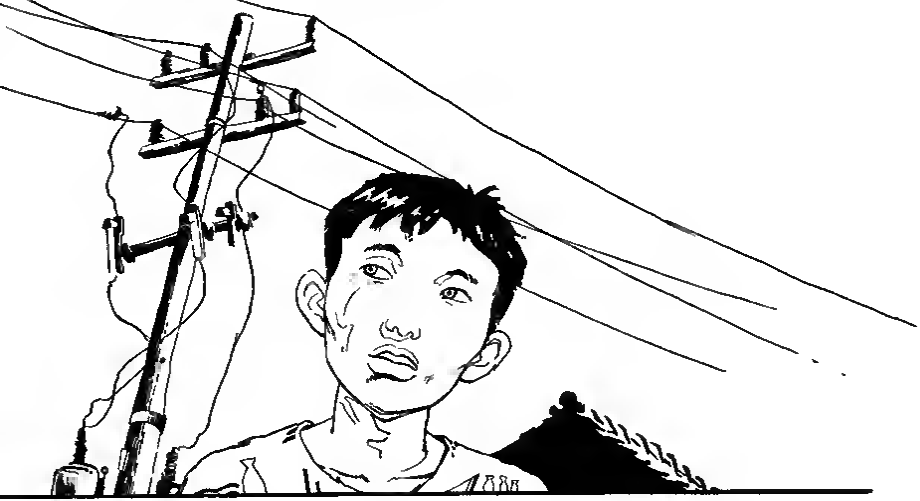
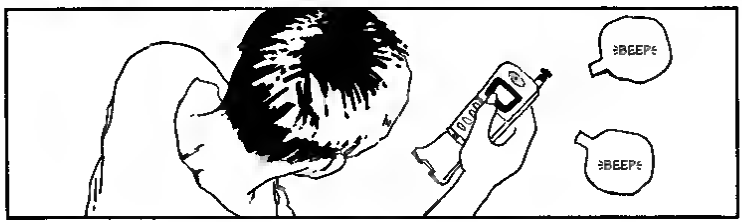
Woman in My Dreams



Woman in My Dreams

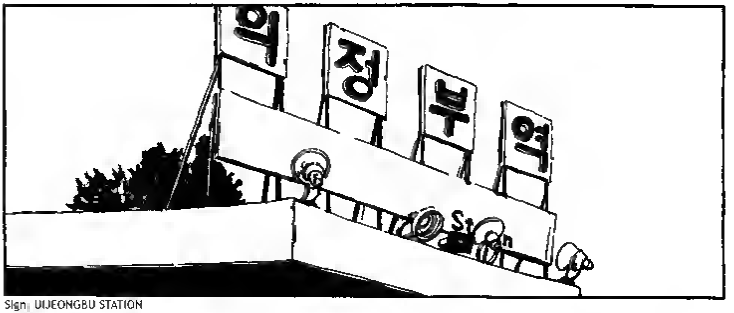


HELLO?
EUN-JEONG!
I'M NOT SURE IF YOU REMEMBER ME.
I WAS SITTING NEXT TO YOU IN THE OUTDOOR THEATER LAST WEEK AT THE INHA UNIVERSITY MOVIE FESTIVAL.
. . . .

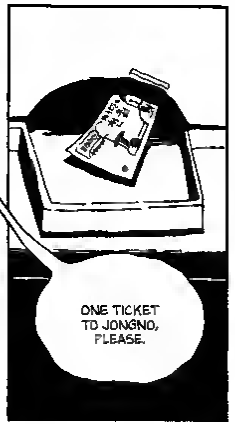
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT THERE WERE A LOT OF SHOOTING STARS THAT DAY AND THEN AT THE BAR THAT LOOKED LIKE A LOG CABIN.
YES? SORRY FOR CALLING SO SUDDENLY. IT'S JUST THAT YOU GAVE ME YOUR PHONE NUMBER THEN.
IF YOU SAY IT LIKE THAT, THEN THERE'S NO REASON FOR US TO MEET UP. YOU EVEN SAID YOU HAD A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT.

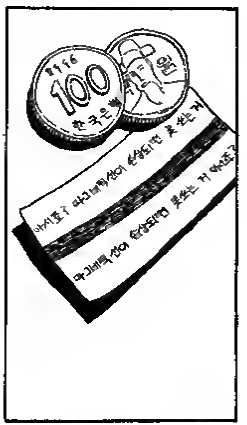
C-CALL ME I'LL WAIT
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF
IT'S LATE AT NIGHT
SORRY

The lower half of my body stretches out after pulling an all-nighter. Like my elongating body, my sexual desire rises to the point where I'll put up with any sort of insult. I came downtown to buy a book to read before going to sleep tonight, but I couldn't find the book I was looking for in any store.

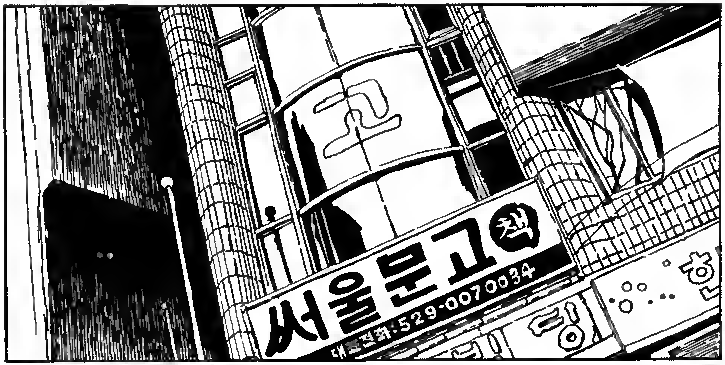


Sign: UIJEONGBU STATION

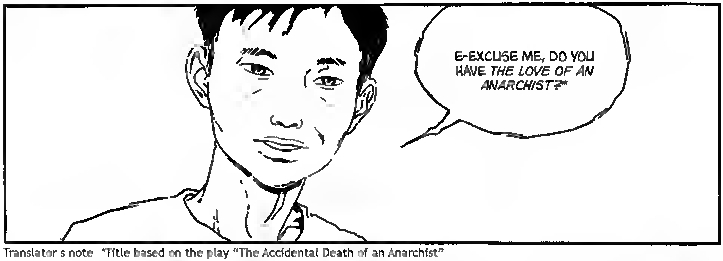




Ticket bottom: IF THE MAGNETIC STRIP IS DAMAGED, THIS TICKET IS UNUSABLE

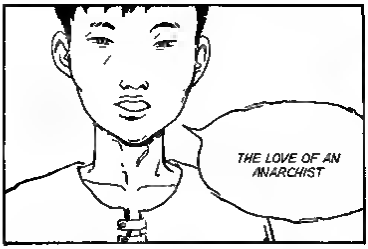


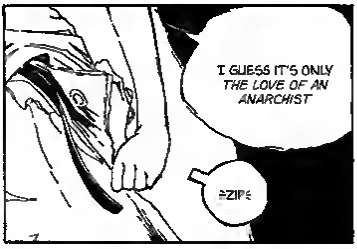
Sign SEOUL BOOKSTORE (BOOKS)



Translator's note *Title based on the play "The Accidental Death of an Anarchist"

IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, BY ANY CHANCE?


THE LOVE OF AN ANARCHIST

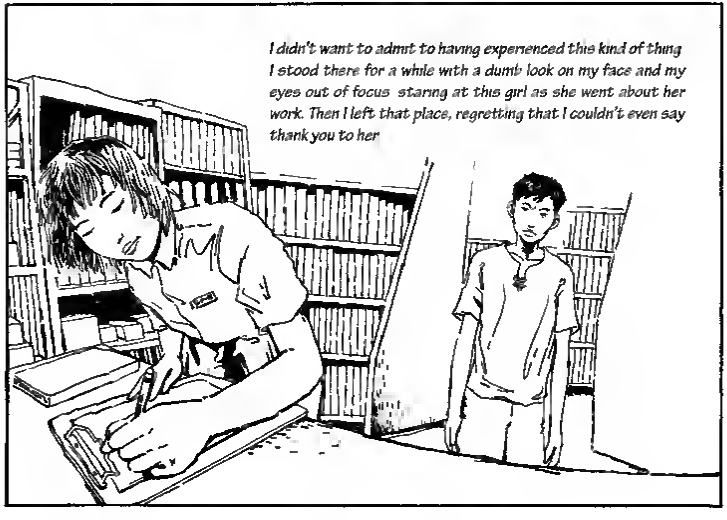

I GUESS IT'S ONLY THE LOVE OF AN ANARCHIST
=ZIP=

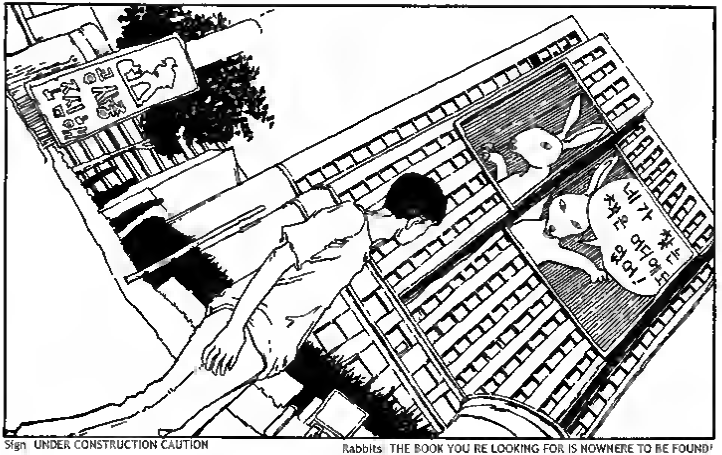
UNNH! THE LOVE OF AN ANARCHIST IS OUT OF STOCK!

THEY SAID... THE... LOVE... OF... UMM... AN... ANARCHIST... MMM... IS... SOLD... OUT...

EXCUSE ME?

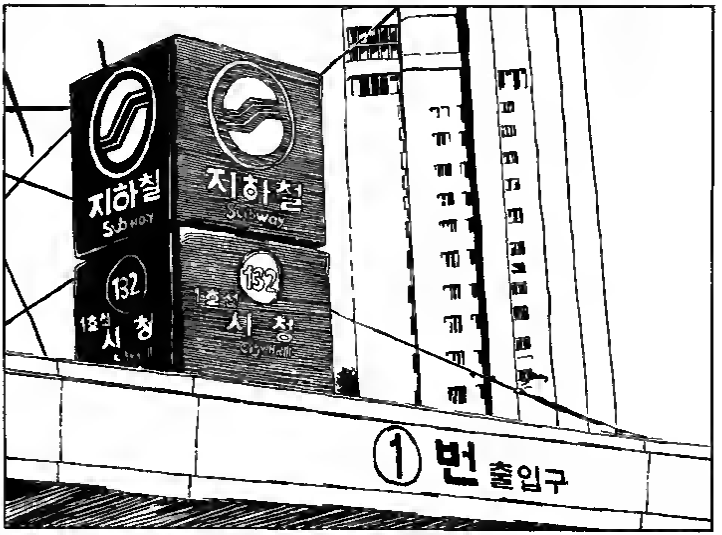
THE LOVE OF AN ANARCHIST IS SOLD OUT


I didn't want to admit to having experienced this kind of thing I stood there for a while with a dumb look on my face and my eyes out of focus staring at this girl as she went about her work. Then I left that place, regretting that I couldn't even say thank you to her

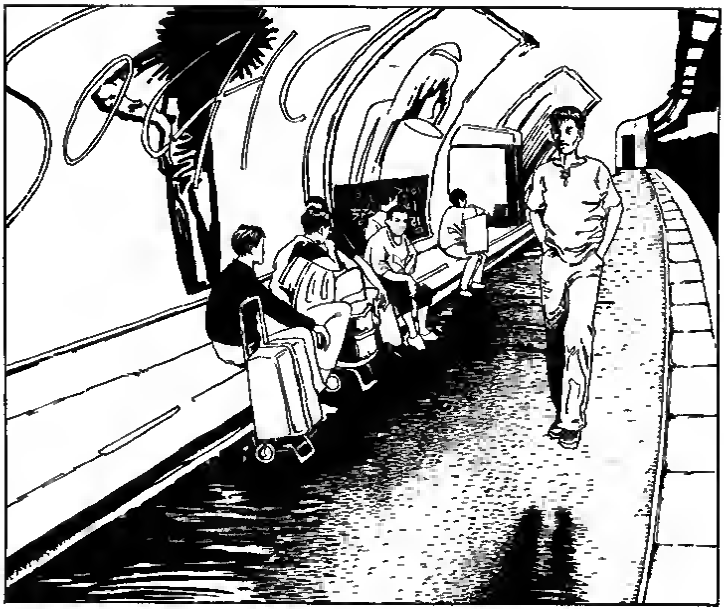


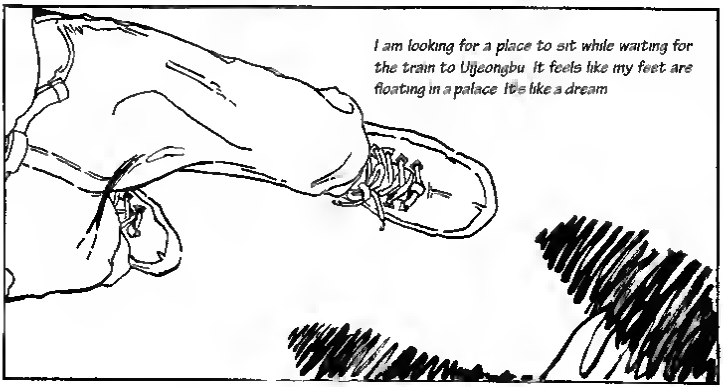
Sign UNDER CONSTRUCTION CAUTION

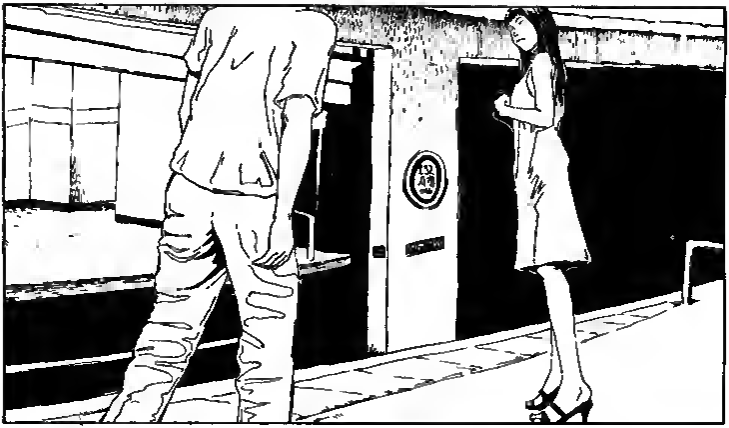
Rabbits THE BOOK YOU RE LOOKING FOR IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!

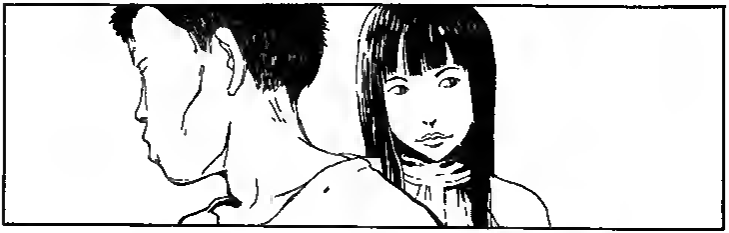


Sign LINE ONE EXIT

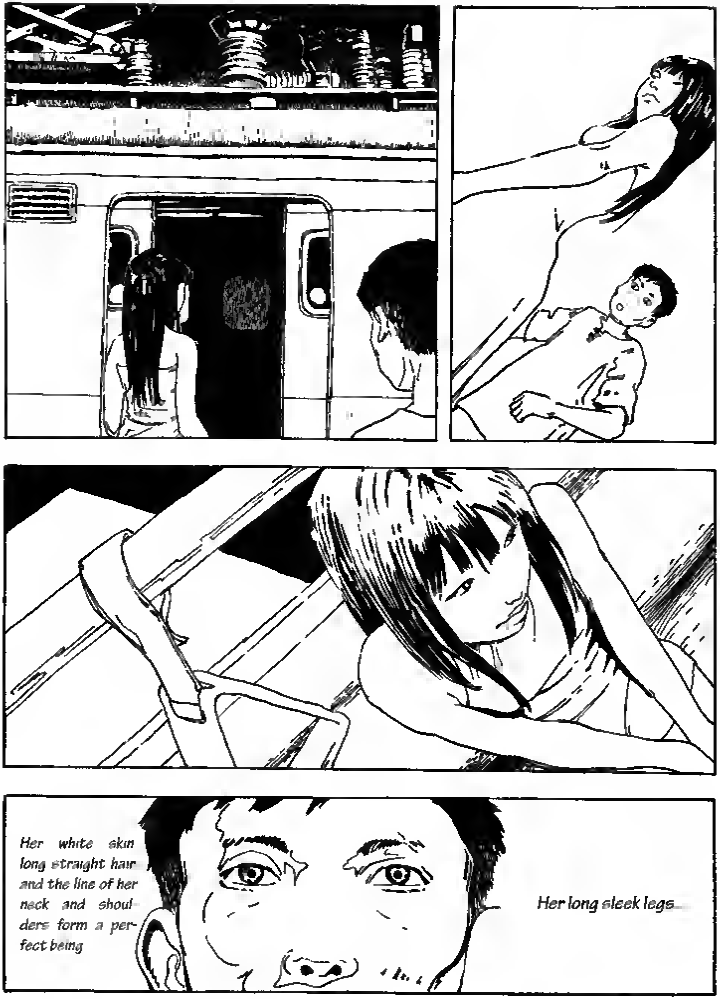



I am looking for a place to sit while waiting for the train to Uijeongbu. It feels like my feet are floating in a palace. It's like a dream.





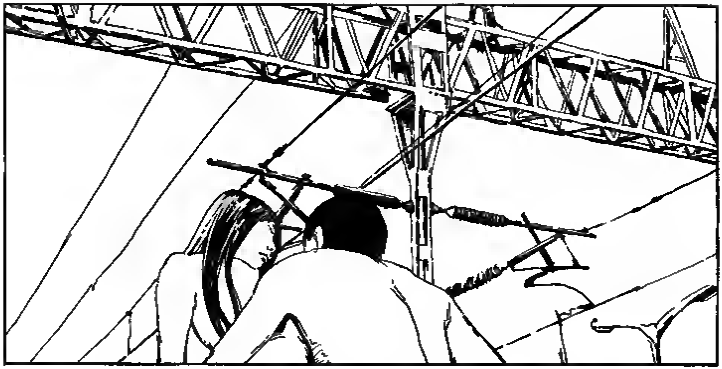
There's a beautiful woman in my dream
The expression on her face is pure and
she looks polished and elegant

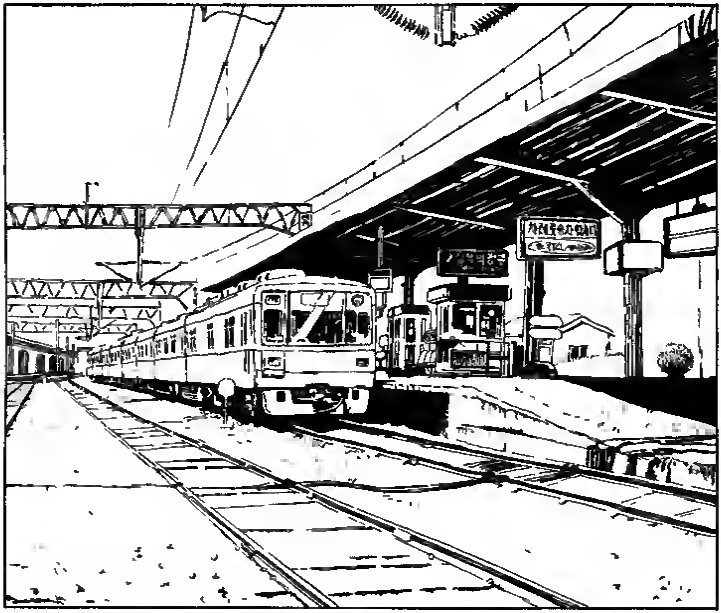

Her white skin long straight hair and the line of her neck and shoulders form a perfect being
Her long sleek legs...

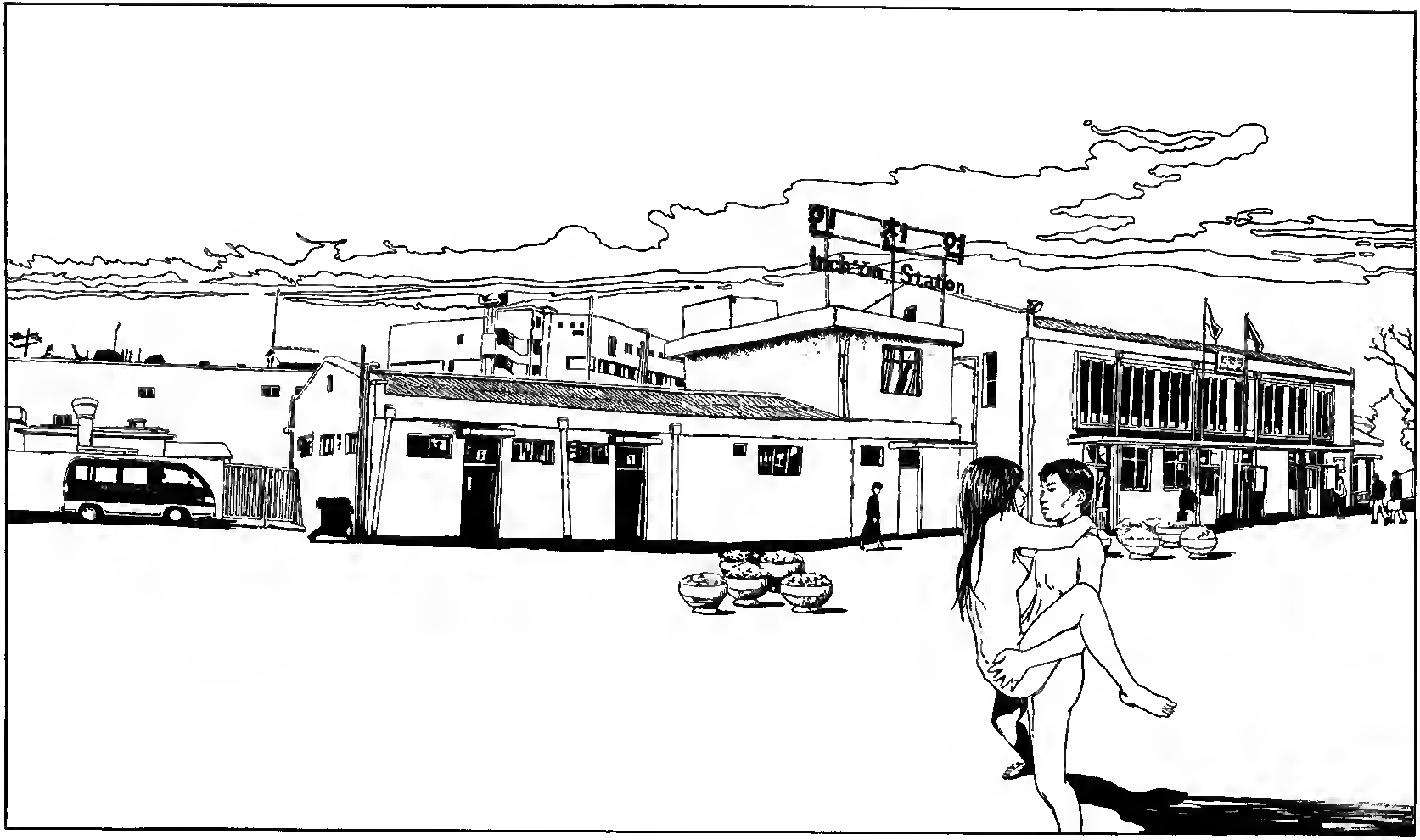
City Hall

She's a bit shy and looks at me restlessly, this woman in my dream. She's fallen for me. Because she's in my dream. In my dream, she's looking at me and her face is a little flushed, but she's already in my arms.

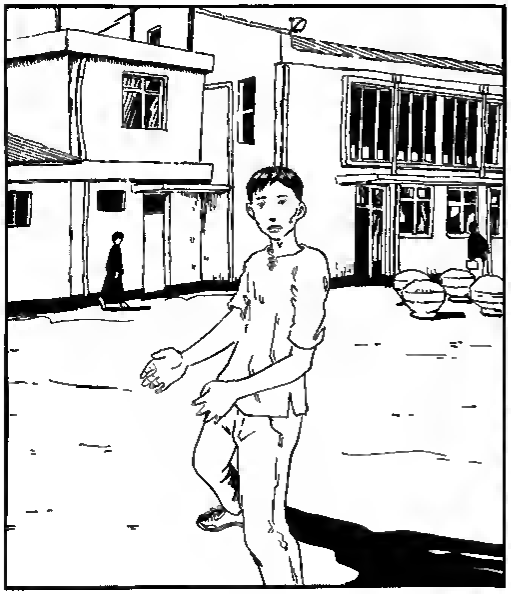
THIS STATION IS THE LAST STOP FOR THIS SUBWAY. INCHEON STATION, THIS IS INCHEON STATION. WHEN YOU EXIT.

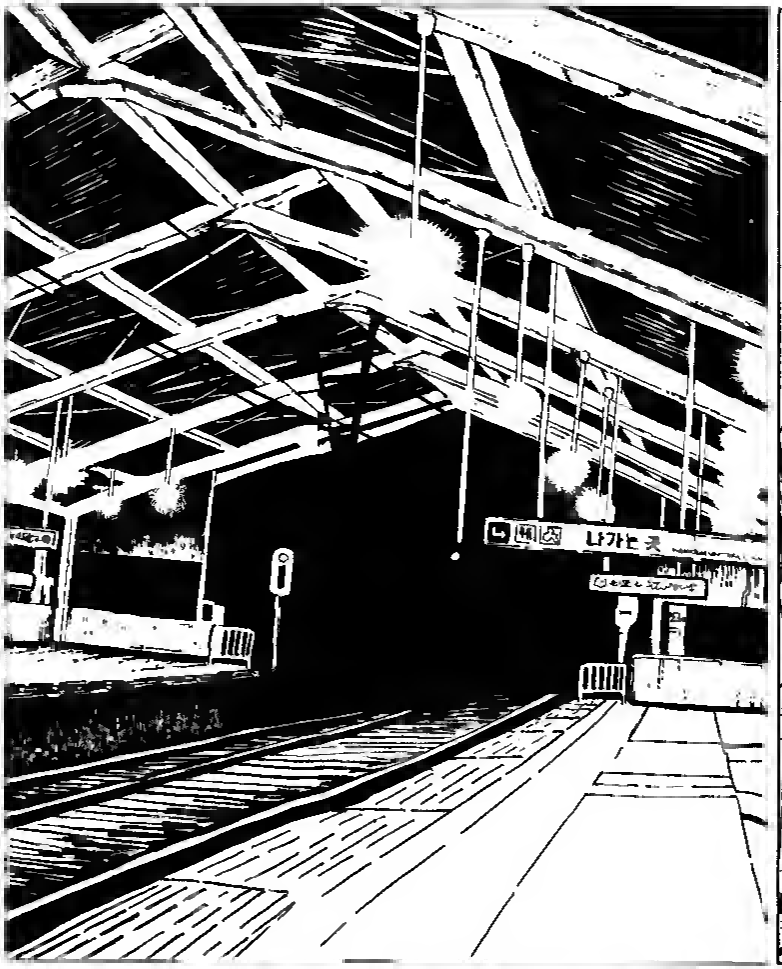


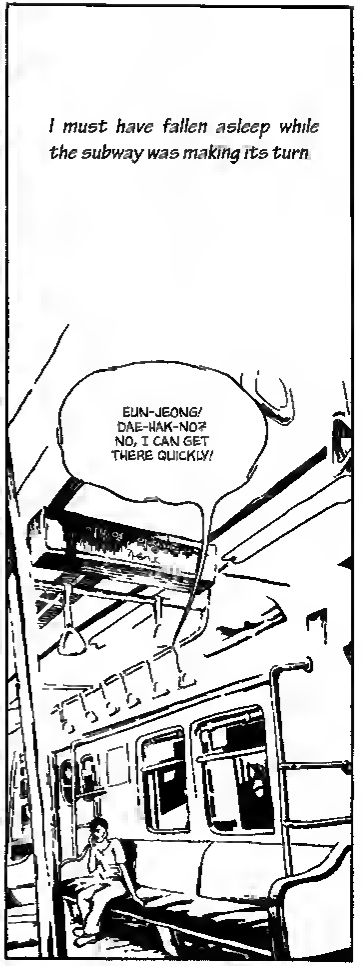


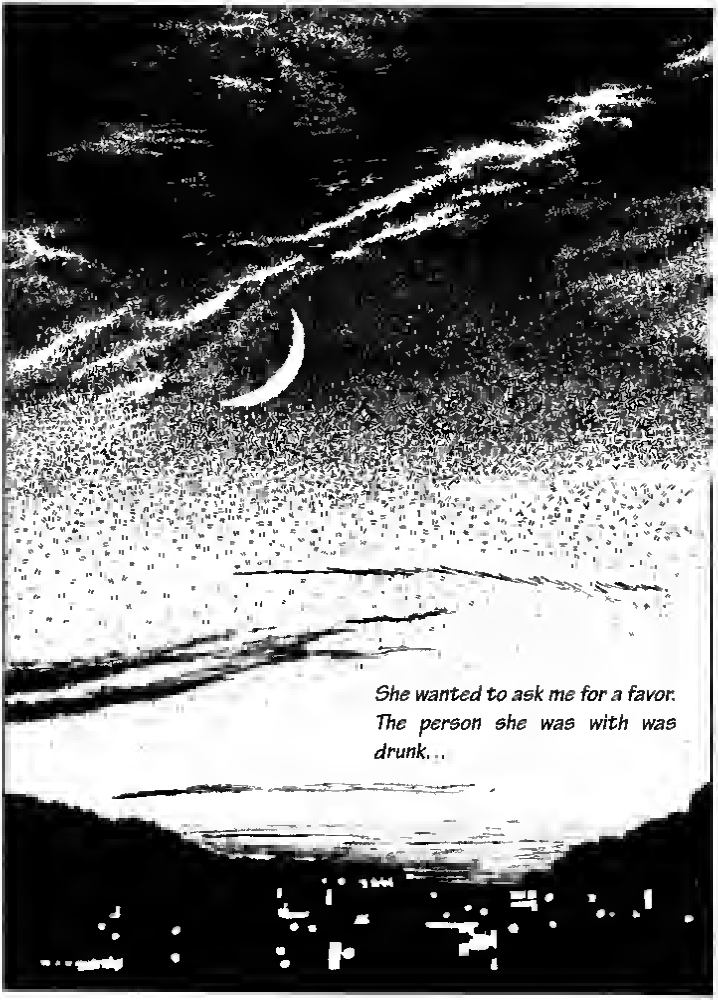

인 천 역
Inchŏn Station

Damn!
Where is this?






I must have fallen asleep while the subway was making its turn
EUN-JEONG/ DAE-HAK-NO? NO, I CAN GET THERE QUICKLY!


She wanted to ask me for a favor. The person she was with was drunk...

My Road

O번출구
경기도청
150M

The only things I have left are my memories and dreams.I've realized that I cannot rely on anyone in the outside world. I also could not respond.

Ever since I started doing simple translation work at this unknown publishing company, the amount of time I spent wandering around the city carrying a camera that I never took pictures with increased. In the inner part of the city where I walked absentmindedly, I only existed like dust in the deep corners of the street. And she was there.

I saw her first on the night of that day when the universe was putting on a show, with shooting stars that fell from the sky like snowflakes.

After that, the seasons changed, and I saw her again on that exhausted early summer morning. She was there. The most beautiful woman in the world was there. That was the work of love. I couldn't make her laugh no matter what I said. She only broke into a wide smile if I bought her a bottle of wine. I didn't know where she came from or what kind of life she led. It wasn't until we went with our despairing hearts up to that hill, where we spread out our arms and ran around as if we were crazy, that she started to open up her heart.

나의 거리

When I opened my eyes, the morning sunrays hit my pupils and a guitar melody was reverberating through the room. The extraordinary girl I saw earlier was curled up, sleeping in a corner of the room. Aside from her, nothing in that place looked familiar. It looked like my image that was trapped there – from the past, the future, many days down the road, after becoming a grizzled old man with gray hair. I grabbed the hand of the girl who was playing the guitar and went above ground. Standing there, my face flushed because it felt like everything had been created for the two of us.

I couldn't say anything like the word "love."It was locked away, deep in my heart, in a place I don't even know, and the key was thrown away in a river.

I've always desired some kind of received feelings.

When the mid-day sun shone straight down and our shadows faded to the size of our fingertips, like two spots of ink sprinkled down, we sat down in the street, faced each other, and clicked the camera shutter.

We knew we didn't really want to take pictures of each other and though the fun had ended, we continued to roam the city looking for beautiful scenery that could only be found there. The city laid across the railroad tracks. At the end of the tracks was a road going to the harbor and there was a sugar factory there as well as other unknown buildings. Going down the road, there were buildings with low eaves and a shop selling fishing gear. There was also a slightly smelly puddle on the street. We walked down that strange and shabby street looking through the eyes of young love.

We were able to feel a sort of pitiful beauty. Maybe it was from the weeds that grew in the cracks of the walls, or the sky that reflected in the puddles, or even the clouds that were obscured by electric lines and the smoke that climbed out of the chimneys.

Rust made the ships shine with an orange sheen.

Upon reaching the ships, we saw that the beach was completely black with the tide. Rainbows were shining from the drying oil. When we had money, we found rooms with beds and laid there without any coverings. I would read books to her and she would prop her chin up and listen seriously. Then, she would roll over and smile. Sometimes, she would tickle me with her lips beneath my bellybutton. I could not measure the depths of the happiness I felt and even started planning my future with her in my mind. I scorned that self-confidence.

RESIDENTIAL AREA AT NIGHT

Eun-Jeong: "That flowerpot is really pretty."
Cha Jee-Cheol: "Really? Wait a minute."

Jee-Cheol raised the fence and Eun-Jeong kept watch. Jee-Cheol took down the flowerpot and gave it to Eun-Jeong. The two of them ran as fast as they could and burst out laughing and panting when they reached the main street.

MOTEL ROOM

Jee-Cheol, Eun-Jeong, and the flowerpot lay side-by-side in an unventilated room.

Eun Jeong: "There's someone I love."
Jee-Cheol: "Oh … oh, yeah?"
Eun-Jeong: "Why won't you ask?"
Jee-Cheol: "What?"
Eun-Jeong: "What kind of person he is…"
Jee-Cheol: "If you like him, then he must be a great guy."

A married man.

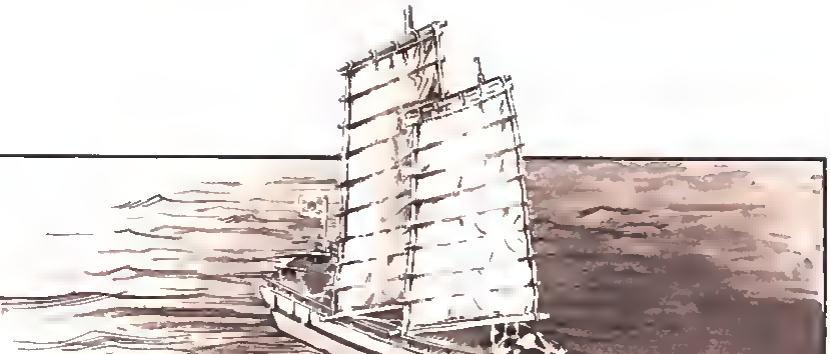
The days when she became cold with me, the days when she would quickly answer her phone and go off – those days, she went to him.

I remember that day when I rose as I was falling asleep. I can see the top half of my body sitting straight up and my bottom half lying down with her and the flowerpot.

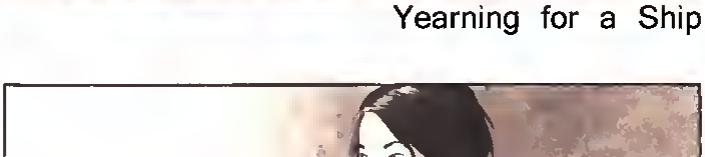
If I tore through the ceiling like this, would I never wake up?

I wanted to fly up to the roof and go along this path, my road, and be scattered across it like the fog.

Yearning for a Ship



Yearning for a Ship



en·tro·py

SCANNER MEGKF TRANSLATOR BOB PROOFREADER DAHIPPO EDITOR GALLETITA QCER HERESY

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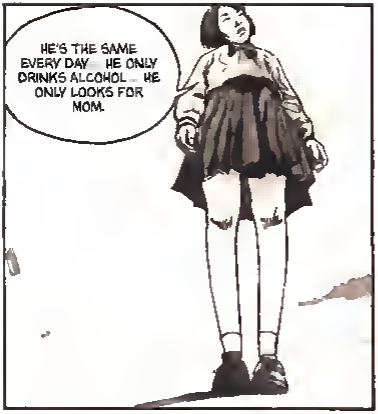
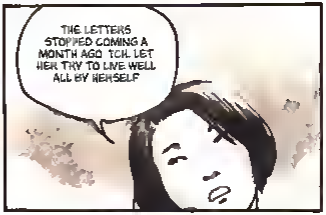
Grandpa is coming today, at about the time when the sun will be hidden by the top of the oak tree that hides the outer wall of the hospital. Right about now, he should be on the steep road that goes toward the port, looking down at the sea. He already told me on the phone that there was a ship waiting at the beach to take us away. He said that the weather was clear and the winds were just right, so the ship could float even late into the evening.

That day, the sky was cold and bright, and the sea was shining with the waves
I thought I could see Dad's image flickering beyond the horizon
It was so calm, as if you could clearly hear the footsteps of baby animals no bigger than a finger on the frozen surroundings
The waves that hit the breakwater far away made my eyes hurt.

*HOW A KOREAN GIRL ADDRESSES AN OLDER GUY CLOSE TO HER AGE

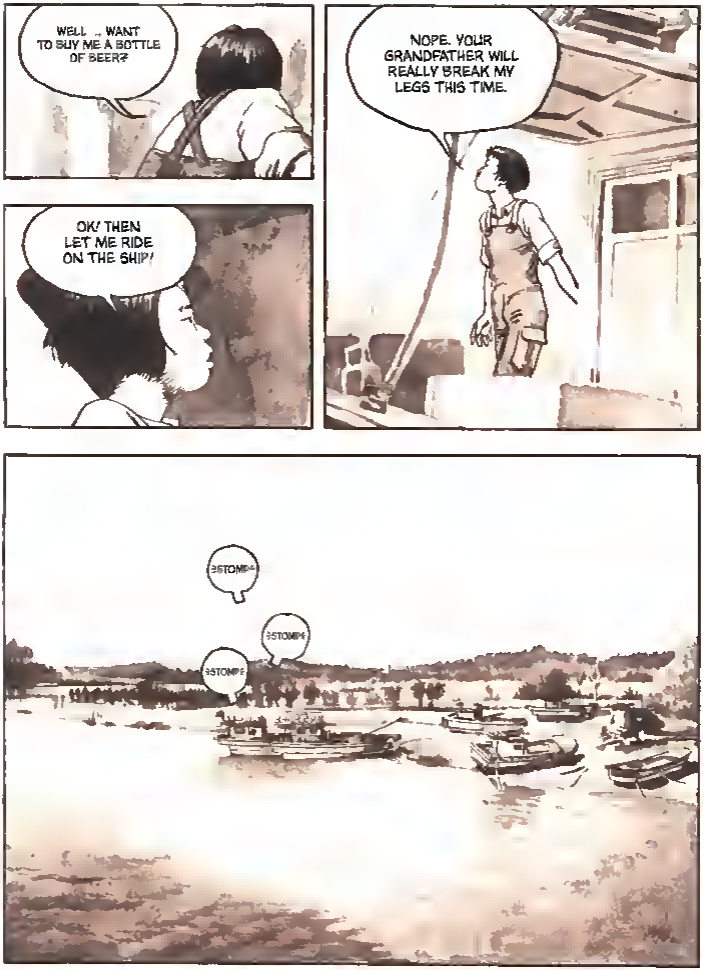

HE'S THE SAME EVERY DAY. HE ONLY DRINKS ALCOHOL — HE ONLY LOOKS FOR MOM.

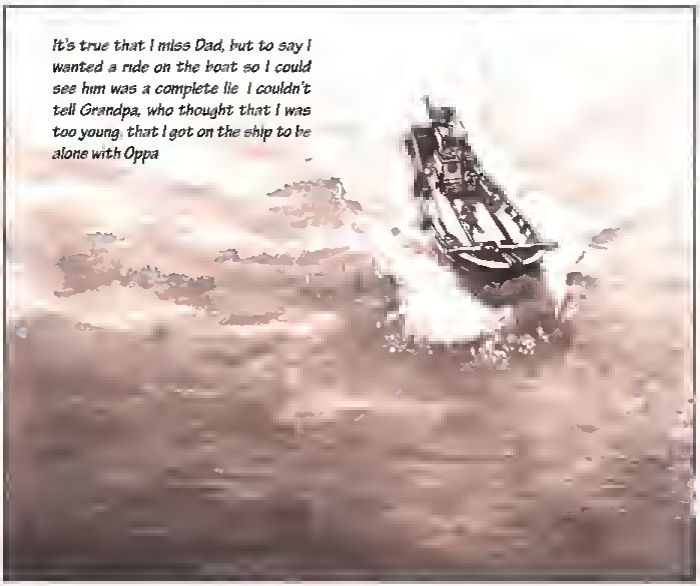
YOUR MOM?

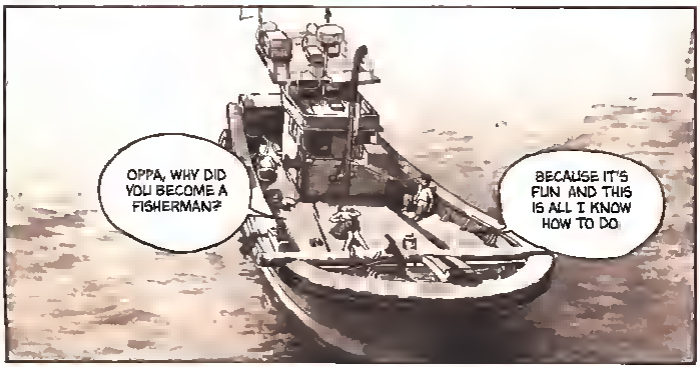

THE LETTERS STOPPED COMING A MONTH AGO. TCH. LET HER TRY TO LIVE WELL ALL BY HERSELF

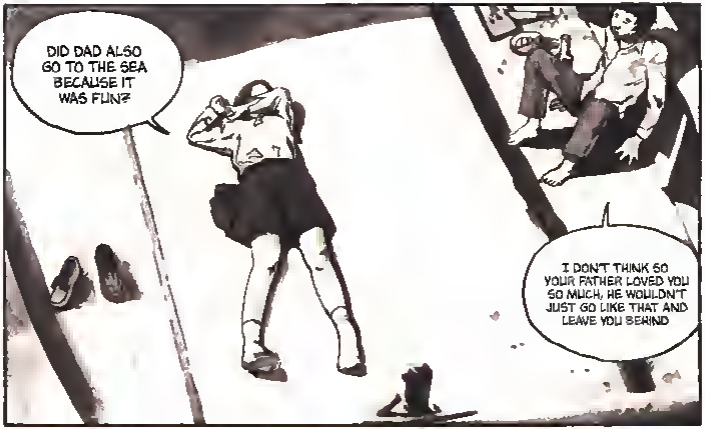
IT MUST BE A LIE THAT THE WEATHER'S NOT GOOD. IT'S SO GOOD THAT IT WOULD BE GREAT TO JUST LEAVE THE BOAT FLOATING AND GO HAVE A BEER.

THEN, OPPA, ARE YOU GOING OUT AGAIN?


WELL .. WANT TO BUY ME A BOTTLE OF BEER?
NOPE. YOUR GRANDFATHER WILL REALLY BREAK MY LEGS THIS TIME.
OK! THEN LET ME RIDE ON THE SHIP!
3STOMP4
3STOMP4
3STOMP4

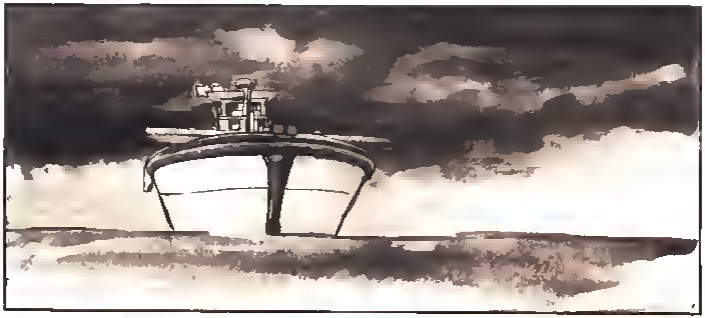

It's true that I miss Dad, but to say I wanted a ride on the boat so I could see him was a complete lie. I couldn't tell Grandpa, who thought that I was too young, that I got on the ship to be alone with Oppa

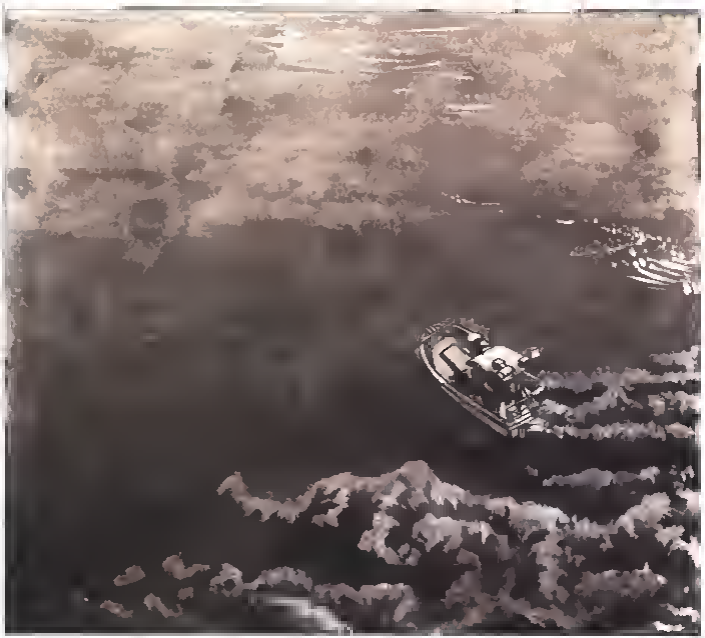

OPPA, WHY DID YOU BECOME A FISHERMAN?
BECAUSE IT'S FUN AND THIS IS ALL I KNOW HOW TO DO.


DID DAD ALSO GO TO THE SEA BECAUSE IT WAS FUN?
I DON'T THINK SO YOUR FATHER LOVED YOU SO MUCH, HE WOULDN'T JUST GO LIKE THAT AND LEAVE YOU BEHIND

I'M THINKING ABOUT GOING DOWN-TOWN NEXT YEAR TO LEARN SKILLS FROM MY UNCLE.

I MIGHT EVEN GO TO CHINA. IF THE WORK GOES WELL, MY UNCLE WILL SEND THE MERCHANDISE FROM CHINA, AND I'LL SELL IT HERE.
...WHAT ARE YOU SELLING?
WELL, ANYTHING.
AH, THAT'S GREAT! YOU'RE GLAD YOU CAME OUT WITH ME, TOO, RIGHT?
THE WIND IS GETTING STRONGER. IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TURN AROUND
AGAIN WITH THAT NONSENSE! I'M NOT GOING. YOU CAN GO ALONE.

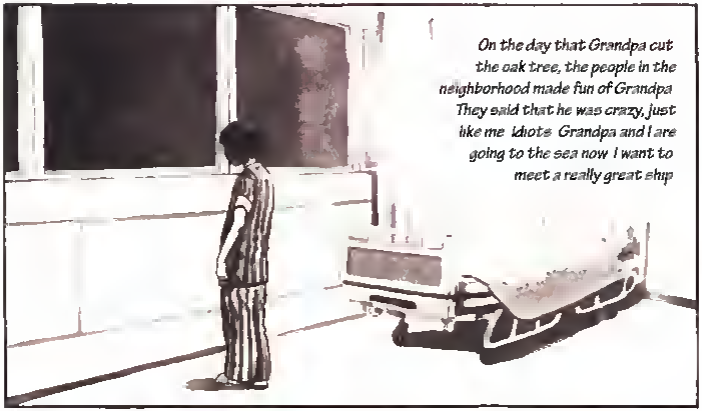




That's all I remember from that day
"If I go alone, then what about you? Are you going to stay out on the water?"
Oppa's last words stay in my ear and fish dance in my head
Idiot

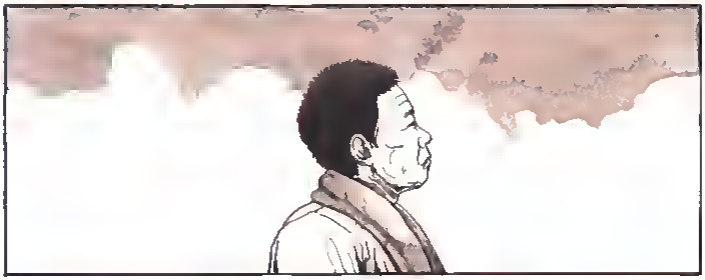
Grandpa says that Oppa died because of me Grandpa's an idiot, too. Oppa is probably in China He got so excited picking out the merchandise to sell here that he's probably weaving his way around that large country
GRANDPA!

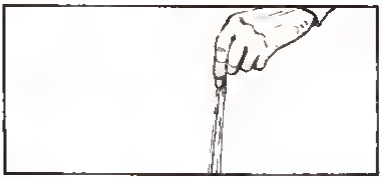
GRANDPA!
YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT THIS BIG! REALLY BIG, OK?
THAT WAY, WE CAN PICK UP DAD AND OPPA, TOO!


On the day that Grandpa cut the oak tree, the people in the neighborhood made fun of Grandpa They said that he was crazy, just like me Idiots Grandpa and I are going to the sea now I want to meet a really great ship

ECOUGHE
ECOUGHE

ETING





=COUGH=
=COUGH=

제물포
Chemulp'o
노 현 주 만
HUK!
UWAHHHH!
CRASH!

≥SPLASH≤

Katydid
Panarama Suzu
Sidney silver_deeds
Pollux wall flower
xengie Flump
mayairy-
active
happybobo321
Cream Puffs eunhYe
Freshy funnypages
Galletita gorelab ink
keppim p00k Lynite
Leen-chan Micho
Luppy
MegKF
terracannon876
riseabove77 JLindgren
Medea Saga pryxir
sekushibijin84
Sophendo | bot
Lighter
admins
barbapapa
flying robots
bukuwawa petr
mangauniverse
Vanderguard
jojo da crow
Friends
Forever
vio55555
Digitalr Death
kalekala cracken
sioc shadowfoxx
cjd fooJin
Levin
super
active
chiaki
dahippo
toshirodragon
narwhaltortellini
icassop Kavic
Lui
retired
Ymgael Yoyo
Yehiko Haisa
Kimheami
Knights4
Kakaro-chain
Kyuuei Lia
Sekiehun chaktijoeleann
silverbell1979
Michiler
Mary Gleason
MaxMaxMax Oyling
Remy mymdrx Nomad_Saul
Moyday Mikuru Moonies Tiger
SakuraMilan SerapHimWed Tys
LevanterFewerXII Magnum SkriderX
Sukeyukkey Sunny Shikure Spud
Skyarrul830 Tragicdragdem
Usagiina Vanessa Twinpop
Tetachen Vivisumeko
vis-a-vis

Promiscuity and the Sea

(Kang Shi-Woo) That awkward time passed, and the four of us sat around drinking the beer that I bought. A sweet air wrapped around us—maybe because we were getting drunk.

Because she (Yeon-Hee) was there, I thought everything was working.

It seemed like she was giving off a wet warmth that affected her surroundings.

Although the short-haired guy in the tank top and the woman called Eun-Jeong were sitting apart and taking measured glances at each other, their gazes seemed to show that they had feelings for each other.

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SCANNER MEGKF TRANSLATOR BOB PROOFREADER DAHIPPO EDITOR GALLETITA QCER HERESY

Yeon-Hee had written down questions that lovers in Eurasia had posed, and the four of us took turns answering them. She had read them in a book at some point.

Yeon-Hee asked first, looking at me: "What do you like the most?"

After a while, I hesitatingly answered, "Looking at you."

Then I asked the woman across from me: "What do you hate?"

"Decisions." She seemed a little ashamed about giving a short reply.

Then, Yeon-Hee answered, "When other people look at you."

"What's your favorite kind of dance?" Yeon-Hee looked at the guy in the tank top. We asked and answered without distinguishing any order. For some reason, he answered like a child: "I-I don't know how to dance."

"As long as there's music, there's dance."

"I like places where there are music and dancing."

"Who's your hero?"

"Peter Pan."

"Your heroine?"

"The woman in my dreams."

"What do you dream of?"

"People who are far away."

"What country would you like to live in?"

"Egypt."

"Turkey."

"Anywhere, as long as my house is there."

"What quality do you look for in men?"

"Honesty."

"And in women?"

"Tenderness."

"Do you have a wish?"

"To see you every day."

"What are you feeling right now?"

What are you feeling right now?... I replied just as if the answer was written on the paper. It was what all four of us were feeling.

"Worry and hope."

After a while, the guy in the tank top went out to buy more alcohol, and the woman played the guitar. An amazing melody that I had never heard before vibrated through the room and sank into even the lifeless objects. While we were getting drunk off the music, the guy in the tank top put the bottles of alcohol on the ground and looked on. When I think about it, it doesn't seem like today's the first time I met him.

I dug through all my memories and experiences and at some point, loaded my body into the sports car and sped around the highways. In the middle of the many trees that I passed, I saw his head and slightly curved body come up from the tallest one. He wasn't really a tree, but I didn't think it was strange to see him standing there like one.

It hadn't been long since the last time I met with Yeon-Hee, but I was already falling completely into her thoughts.

Once, after returning from a long trip that I had taken alone, I went looking for Yeon-Hee.

She made me wait for three hours before contacting me. I sat in a bar and drank two shots of vodka without any ice. While I was ordering the third shot, she appeared, sat down, and started speaking.

"I slept with him today."

I looked at her, confused, but she just smiled.

"Who? Red Candy?"

"Yeah."

Red Candy was a guy who had given her flowers and some red candy before I had left for my trip. He practiced music with Eun-Jeong. Strangely, I was indifferent to the information.

Truly indifferent.

After that, she didn't say anything and only looked at the shot glass. For some reason, she thought we should part early that day, and before she even finished her sentence, she had disappeared from the seat. I understand now that she wanted a reaction from me.

Nothing like that had ever happened before, so it was strange.

Thinking about it, I have one sad memory.

It was a few weeks after that she got a job answering phones at a real-estate agency. She spoke about it with a strained and sad expression on her face.

An old person at the agency had told her to eat the remainder of his ramen for lunch. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, but he said that if she didn't like it she could quit and that she should be grateful that he had gathered her up and let her work there when she had nowhere else to go.

She had casually picked up the pot, smiled, and ate everything in it, she said, her words trailing off. I couldn't suppress my anger and indignation. She seemed to think lightly of the matter, but I couldn't see it that way.

Damn son of a bitch, I thought as I pictured his hand reaching down into her pants, and my head sank.

After that, I wanted to help her out financially, but for some reason I couldn't. I couldn't do that for her.

The music kept on playing, and we sat around with the alcohol and cheap, but familiar, snacks, passing the alcohol back and forth. At that point, I threw out a word without any reason.

"Promiscuity."

Shocked, I looked at Yeon-Hee's face.

As if she had already read my mind, she smiled at me calmly. Her smile always calmed me, and I thought it showed an understanding of everything in the world.

Through her, all the dirty and ugly things in the world, as well as the beautiful and noble things, combined and emitted a bright light. At the very least, she was that kind of existence to me.

At about the time when we were all changing positions, Yeon-Hee turned her gaze to me.

The light of dawn was creeping into the room through a window that wasn't even the size of a hand.

She played with her necklace and started speaking.

"Take me to the ocean."

(Cha Jee-Cheol) As if chased out by the light, we got into the sports car belonging to the man called Shi-Woo and went to the beach. That place had a large port that didn't fit with the setting. There was a strange sailboat rotting away.

Even before our eyes could take in all the scenery, something happened. The woman ran to the water, and the man chased after her. In an instant, the water swallowed them up, and I ran after them.

Eun-Jeong grabbed my arm. I don't know when Eun-Jeong got the keys, but we went back to the car, and she started talking with the car idling.

"Did you see the dolphin?"

"Dolphin?"

I steadied my eyelids, which were faltering in the sunlight, and stared at the sea line. A pair of dolphins were shining and stepping on the surface of the water. They created froth on the water and disappeared under the surface.